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Robert Coles on Joe McCarthy and McCarthyism

Black Caucus • William Trevor on V. S. Pritchett • Tax Sanity

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Lebanon Eyewitness

BY MARTIN PERETZ

Much of what you have read in the newspapers and newsmagazines about the war in Lebanon—and even more of what you have seen and heard on television—is simply not true.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE ENVELOPE, PLEASE

To the editors:
No one, not even Ron Rosenbaum in "Ah, Watergate!" (TNR, June 23), has named the only obvious Deep Throat nominee: Richard Nixon.

That notion is no more or less crazy than RN was (is).

ROBERT A. GLOBUS
Grinnell, Iowa

To the editors:
You missed my candidate for Deep Throat, Scott Armstrong: Senate Watergate Committee investigator with access to privileged information, contacts, and a nose for detail; now a *Washington Post* reporter, rewarded for his Watergate role by Bob Woodward?

J. WILSON
Great Falls, Virginia

TRICKY ABE, HONEST DICK

To the editors:
Nicholas von Hoffman's attempted apologia for the Uriah Heep of American politics, Richard Nixon ("How Nixon Got Strung Up," TNR, June 23), is an example of extreme perversity in the face of logic.

Like his fellow hatchet-man, Victor Lasky, he tries to remove some of the tarnish from Nixon's image by claiming others were just as bad. He tries to accomplish this task by attacking the most beloved President of them all: Lincoln. Unfortunately, this specious comparison doesn't work, since Lincoln's justifiable actions took place during an unprecedented internal war, in which the very survival of the nation hung in the balance. Vietnam, on the other hand, was an undeclared fiasco that threatened no one (except the Vietnamese). Mr. Nixon's illegal actions were spawned by one thing: petty politics. The only thing he had to fear was his own paranoia.

Having failed to make his first point, von Hoffman contends that the Watergate trials and subsequent conviction of Nixon's henchmen were unnecessary and far too harsh. These poor babies deserved severe lectures, no doubt, but anything else, in his opinion, was just too gauche. If Mr. von Hoffman feels that the involvement of the Attorney General, Nixon's counsel, and top aides in bribery, perjury, and obstruction of justice is petty, then he must harbor a contempt for our system of law. As for Nixon, he certainly deserved jail for putting the American people through hell for years, for the sake of his ego.

Such flippant exercises in cynicism, which try to smudge history and excuse blatant wrongdoing, help to create a climate that allows men like Richard Nixon to be elected in the first place. This wrongheaded article should earn von Hoffman a new nickname: Nick the Nerd.

DAN O'NEILL
Los Angeles, California

WHINING ON THE RIGHT

To the editors:
The one thing I dislike most is a person who whines and gets paid for it. For years George Will ("The Two Conservatisms," TNR, June 16) has been one of the great whiners, certainly more felicitous and quote-studded than most, but easily the person with the highest decibel-level of disgust. The problem with Will, as with most of his species of cultural conservatives, is his fear of the very dynamism of democracy that ironically allows him the latitude to speak as he does. Every bit of change is decline, every bit of willfulness is license, and must be prevented for the common good (i.e., the good of columnists like Will) by an antidemocratic imposition of the state. What he offers as a vision is ungratifying, a bankrupt aristocratic ideal. I am reminded of Orwell's charges against Swift: "The 'Reason' which he so admires in the Houyhnhnms . . . [means] either common sense . . . or absence of passion and superstition. In general he assumes that we know all we need to know already, and merely use our knowledge incorrectly. . . . [H]is implied aim is a static, incurious civilization—the world of his own day, a little cleaner, a little saner, with no radical change and no poking into the unknowable."

MICHAEL BETTENCOURT
Exeter, New Hampshire

To the editors:
Charles Krauthammer is quite correct in identifying the contradictions in George Will's thought and in conservatism generally. Conservatives, as he points out, proclaim their devotion to laissez-faire in economics while advocating even bigger government to enforce Moral Majority social values.

Liberals, of course, disagree with conservatives on both sets of issues. Aren't they then just as contradictory? Liberals want less government in matters of conscience and more government in matters of economics. They must decide between their commitment to the First Amendment and their desire to regulate television "for the public interest." They must decide between their respect for individual rights and their view that national service would be an ideal way to get needed public services performed.

In fact, the consistent view is either the statist one that the government should interfere in all these matters to create a particular kind of society or the libertarian view that individual rights must be respected in all areas. (People who take the latter view, by the way, are not "libertarian conservatives," in Krauthammer's term. If they really adhere to the night watchman theory that government exists only to protect persons and property, they are not conservatives but libertarians. If they pay it lip service but ignore it in practice, they are probably conservatives.)

I look forward to reading TNR's "The Two Liberalisms."

DAVID D. BOAZ
Washington, D.C.

AVENGING A TRAGIC PAST

To the editors:
It is regrettable that while attempting to place the long-standing Armenian-Turkish conflict into historical perspective, ("Armenians and Turks," TNR, June 2), Eric Breindel alleges that Cypriots may be involved in the current campaign against Turkish diplomats. Even the Turks themselves, who have been the source of this insidious allegation in a futile attempt to whitewash their own past, have come around to admitting that non-Cypriots are the perpetrators of these acts of violence.

MARIOS L. EVRIVIADES
Embassy of the Republic of Cyprus
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
As a first-generation Armenian born in exile, I read Eric Breindel's article with mixed feelings and frustration. Mr.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Most Astounding Car In The

The Probe III, an experimental Ford, drew some of the biggest crowds at the Frankfurt Auto Show. And it got great press. Germany's leading automotive publication, *Auto Motor und Sport*, called it "a dream car–slippery as a futuristic study in aerodynamics."

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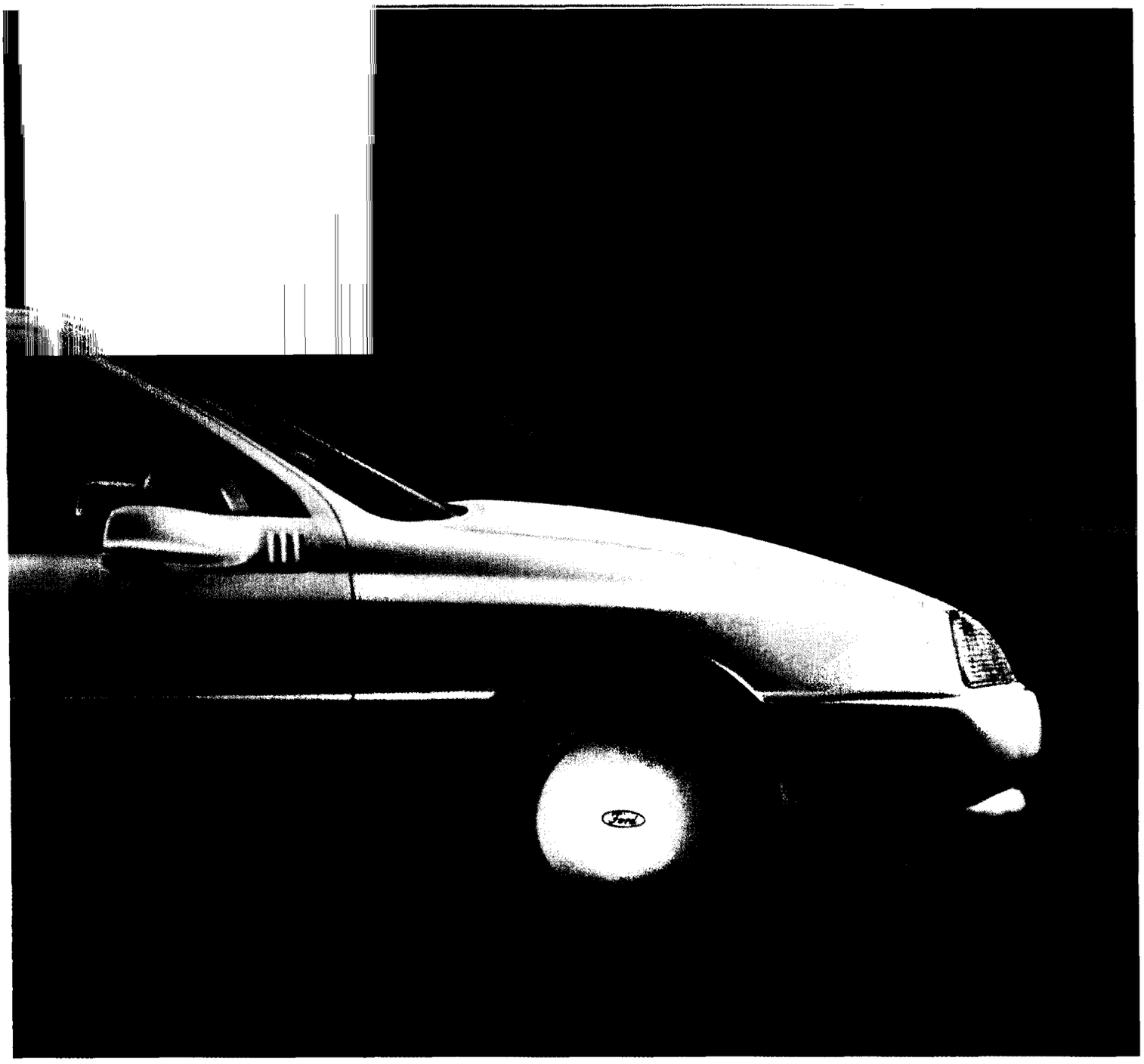

German Auto Show Was A Ford.

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Forever Young

Sometime about now in every Presidential term, one of the grocery store tabloids decides to show what happens to a human being afflicted with the Presidency. There are the usual before and after photographs, the first showing a robust, healthy optimist, the second a haggard, hollow-eyed old wreck.

Lyndon Johnson changed from a sleek, Texas-rich pol to a man whose face increasingly began to purse around his eyeglasses. Richard Nixon turned gray, the ravages of war and Herblock curling his body into a question mark. Jimmy Carter, whose 1976 campaign posters showed a hearty farmer, deteriorated into a person whose skeleton seemed smaller than his allotment of skin. His voice pitched higher as his troubles increased, and he looked tired under the mantle of power that normally lands like a ton of option papers on the leader of the free world.

By contrast, regard our present chief of state. After eighteen months in office, he looks like a million bucks. He is tan and healthy. He laughed off a gunshot wound. In spite of a world economic crisis and a domestic recession that has put more than ten million Americans out of work, in spite of highly visible infighting in his court and Cabinet, and wars fought in the South Atlantic and the Middle East, there is nary a new furrow in the Presidential brow. Where are the photos of Ronald Reagan, à la John F. Kennedy, staring moodily out the Oval Office window as he wrestles alone with the latest global nightmare?

Part of the President's secret is certainly his loping pace. Compared to his predecessor's shop, Reagan's runs as if a dose of soothing ether had been sprayed into the Oval Office. He has delegated so much authority that his aides spend much of their time putting out the word that the real President of the United States is Ronald Reagan.

This brings us to the President's recent mini-vacation in California, where he and his wife were supposed to be resting from a trip to Europe that would have worn out the London Explorers Club. Worried that the President might begin to look slothful to an America that already thinks he keeps banker's hours, his aides tried to balance their man's need to get away from it all with the political necessity that he appear to stay in touch.

There were several excursions. First to Hollywood, where Reagan told reporters his feelings about the insanity defense ("When you have to start thinking about it, even a lot of your friends you have to say, 'If I had to prove they were sane, I'd have a hard job.' "). Then a second visit to the movie capital, where the Reagans encountered those unprovably uncrazy friends at a birthday party in honor of what was either Nancy's 59th or 61st birthday. Everyone sang "That's Entertainment." The President also greeted the arrival of the space shuttle—a Fourth of July mega-media event that would have put Busby Berkeley to shame. (Mrs. Reagan greeted the astronauts in Full Yankee Doodle: red sweater, red blazer, white skirt, and red, white, and blue shoes.)

Still, there were five days on the ranch that had to be dealt with—especially since in the real world, a bank was failing in Oklahoma, businesses were closing in middle America, and people were dying in the Middle East. The President's spokesman, Larry Speakes, doggedly repeated that the President was keeping up on international and domestic detail. Nevertheless, Reagan told reporters during his flight back to Washington on Air Force One that he didn't want to answer questions because, after a few days on the ranch, "I haven't got anything but horses to talk about."

Shortly afterward, Speakes came back

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This week's column is by Eleanor Randolph of *The Los Angeles Times*. Richard Strout, the regular author of TRB, will be back next week.

How "helping" children has held them back

Americans have always promised their children a better life—a chance to get ahead, regardless of family background. But, as this challenging, multi-disciplinary study shows, the schools, welfare system, and other institutions we have created to meet this goal have turned promises into a cruel hoax, perpetuating the very inequities they were supposed to end.

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"Bold and persuasive....It could not be more timely."
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THE NEW REPUBLIC
AUGUST 2, 1982

A BREAK ON TAXES

Who would have thought that Senator Bob Dole, bad-boy Republican Vice Presidential candidate in 1976 and co-perpetrator (with President Reagan and the House Democratic leadership) of the rich people's tax bonanza of 1981, would emerge as the loophole-closing hero of 1982? Well, it's happened. To the horror of right-wing ideologues and corporate lobbyists, Mr. Dole convinced his Senate Finance Committee to accept $98.6 billion in tax increases over a three-year period, restoring roughly a fifth of the revenue losses imposed by the 1981 act and revising some of the more notorious tax dodges that legislators of both parties inserted into the law to attract PAC money at campaign time. Among other things, the bill cuts in half the benefits available under the "safe harbor leasing" measure that allows profitable corporations to buy tax breaks from companies that can't use them. Mr. Dole's bill imposes a minimum tax on both corporations and individuals. It repeals accelerated depreciation provisions of the 1981 act that would have made the average effective tax rate on profits from new corporate investment *minus* 63 percent (that is, the government would have paid corporations to invest). The bill makes it harder for rich individuals to incorporate themselves and establish giant pension funds to avoid taxes. There are some regressive measures in the bill, such as an increase in the unemployment-insurance tax, but on balance Mr. Dole has struck a blow both for economic moderation and for tax fairness. And President Reagan has actually endorsed the bill, in spite of his earlier abhorrence of any tax increases.

Bob Dole and Ronald Reagan have not suddenly ceased to be conservatives. Rather, they are scared. They are scared that deficits in the $150-billion range will keep interest rates high and ruin any prospect for recovery from the recession. They are also scared that the Democrats will make fairness the main issue of the 1982 congressional campaign. If the economy does not recover, they are scared that no Republican—not Reagan nor Bush nor Kemp nor even Dole, who is rumored to think of himself in Presidential terms—will be able to win in 1984. They realized that they could not lower deficits solely by slashing domestic spending, but had to raise taxes too. And they didn't want to accept the Democrats' proposal to postpone or cancel the third year of Mr. Reagan's tax cuts to individuals. So they decided on an assortment of twenty-four separate tax hikes, loophole closings, and compliance measures. Besides the items mentioned above, the Dole bill requires withholding of stock dividends and savings interest, speed-ups of corporate tax collections, and limitations on special tax breaks for companies operating in U.S. territories and possessions. We would quarrel with increasing telephone taxes and raising the expense threshold for deduction of medical bills, but overall the Dole bill hits hardest at corporations and upper-income individuals. As one House Democratic staff aide told *The Wall Street Journal:* "If you trace the paternity of many of the items in the bill, you will find it's damn near a Democratic bill."

The question now is: what will Democrats do about the bill? We are encouraged by recent evidence that a change has occurred in Democratic thinking, so that House leaders are no longer committed to raising revenues by eliminating the third year of individual tax cuts while leaving tax breaks for corporations in place. The Democrats finally seem persuaded by the political and economic logic that this magazine, among

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others, has been promoting for some time. Democrats, believing in economic democracy, can't be for tax increases for individuals and tax breaks for corporations. And the economic facts are that although the first two years of the Reagan tax cuts were skewed to rich people, the 1983 installment would result in relative gains for middle-class taxpayers. Persons with incomes of over $200,000 got 8.8 percent of the total tax breaks provided by the first two years' tax cuts, but will get just 2.4 percent of the third year's, while people in the $10,000 to $50,000 range, who got 63 percent of all 1981 and 1982 tax cuts, will get 68 percent of the third-year cut. For Democrats to cut out the third year would be harder on lower- and middle-income taxpayers than on the rich.

Unfortunately, Democrats in general still haven't changed their minds about indexing, which was passed last year to start protecting taxpayers against the effects of inflation beginning in 1985. It's true that indexing will have a severe restraining effect on government revenues, and it is also true that Americans tax themselves less than most other major countries. But using inflation as a tax collector—by having it push people into higher tax brackets—is sneaky government that inevitably produces its own backlash, such as the current movement to eliminate the graduated income tax and substitute a flat-rate tax. Congress should leave indexing in place, and, if the government wants more money for needed activities (such as more defense), straightforwardly enact new taxes to pay for them.

SINCE THE Dole bill is Democratic in spirit anyway, we urge congressional Democrats to adopt its basic provisions and then make it fairer still. One way to do so is to cap the third year of the Reagan individual tax cuts, providing benefits only to those making under $50,000. Those making over that amount already have gotten sizable tax breaks in the form of a reduction in the maximum tax rate and actual rate reductions, while lower-income taxpayers have had their tax breaks more than taken away from them by bracket creep and increases in Social Security taxes. Another way Democrats can improve on the Dole bill is to close even more loopholes than the Senator has—limiting mortgage interest deductions on second and third homes, for example, and reducing deductions for business lunches. A third way is to go him one better in cutting back on corporate tax breaks. Mr. Dole would repeal the accelerated depreciation allowances in such a way that government won't pay businesses a bonus to invest. But corporations still won't pay taxes on their profit from new investments, and they ought to. Democrats ought to push for changes that will bring tax rates on capital closer to the rate for labor (currently 25 percent) and that will eliminate the distortions that encourage investment in one industry as opposed to another.

As a long-range goal, Democrats ought to favor a tax system that is simpler, providing as few loopholes and deductions as possible, with rates lower for everybody, but graduated according to people's ability to pay. For this year, it is good news that both parties have called a halt to the bidding war to give tax breaks to fat cats. It will be better news if there is a bidding war in the name of fairness.

THE DONOVAN DISPENSATION

Secretary of Labor Raymond J. Donovan has sunk into happy obscurity lately, what with a special prosecutor's recommendation of no indictment and the resignation under fire of his Cabinet colleague, Alexander Haig. No doubt Mr. Donovan now imagines he can shed his notoriety and settle down to running the department, a prospect in which many of Mr. Donovan's former critics have acquiesced. Others, predictably in the White House and unaccountably at *The New York Times*, have urged out loud that the case should be considered closed. It should not.

The thousand-page report by special prosecutor Leon Silverman has been portrayed as a great victory for the embattled Secretary of Labor. Mr. Silverman reports that there is "insufficient credible evidence" to warrant prosecuting Mr. Donovan on any single charge, and a special grand jury constituted under the Ethics in Government Act declined to hand down an indictment. This fact suggests to President Reagan and other hasty Donovan apologists that the Secretary of Labor has been wholly exonerated. (Back when John Connolly was running for President, after failing to be convicted of accepting a $10,000 bribe, he once boasted that he was "the only certified nonguilty political figure in the country." In this Administration, Mr. Donovan must vie for that honor with Messrs. Smith, Casey, and Allen.) A lack of indictment—or, better yet, an acquittal following indictment—becomes a bona fide moral credential.

That's one way to look at it. The special prosecutor is a good deal more cautious. In a news conference, Mr. Silverman refused repeatedly to characterize his report as "clearing" Mr. Donovan or giving him a "clean bill of health." "I do not use words like 'exoneration,'" he said. "I do not use those terms."

Small wonder. Mr. Silverman was asked to investigate literally dozens of charges, most of them quite specific. On each of them singly, he concluded that there was no basis for prosecution. But as to the general accusation—that Mr. Donovan's company, the Schiavone Construction Company, is "mobbed up"—the Silverman report leaves little doubt. And though Mr. Donovan's character and associations are not the stuff of indictments and convictions, they provide

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ample reason to conclude that he is grossly unfit for a public trust.

What the special prosecutor recognized, as few pundits have since, is that standards of criminal liability and moral fitness are far from identical. (By the Connolly test, after all, Al Capone was a model citizen until his conviction for tax evasion.) To be "not guilty" is not necessarily to be innocent. Mr. Donovan is to be congratulated that there is "insufficient credible evidence" to warrant prosecution, but that does not mean there is no evidence or even no credible evidence. And though the special prosecutor treated two or three dozen charges as two or three dozen separate cases, each to stand or fall on the strength of its own evidence, the public has every right to look at the accumulated weight of suggestive and circumstantial facts.

JUST SUCH an accumulation is readily available, in the form of Mr. Silverman's report, edited down to 708 pages, plus a 350-page appendix, for public consumption. This report, which comes in three volumes and weighs close to twelve pounds, is a good deal tougher than its executive summary, which in turn was summarized in the next day's newspapers. No one who read the whole thing could describe it, as a *New York Times* editorial did, as "favorable" or an "exoneration." A few highlights will give the flavor.

The Masselli link. William Masselli, a convicted felon and reputed member of the Genovese family of organized crime (that's LCN in FBI-ese, for La Cosa Nostra), gets about one hundred pages of attention. Masselli formed a company with Bronx State Senator Joseph Galiber, who has been charged but never convicted; neither of them had a background in construction. This company, called JoPel, was listed as a minority enterprise because Galiber is black, and it replaced Nargi Contracting as a principal subcontractor to Mr. Donovan's company. The trouble was, in addition to having no construction experience, Masselli and Galiber had no capital and no equipment. The capital came from Schiavone, Mr. Donovan's company, through an arrangement that is still in dispute. (Masselli and Schiavone Company are charging each other with extortion.) The equipment came from Louis Nargi of Nargi Contracting, who told law enforcement officials that he was a 70 percent "silent partner" in JoPel. (This meant that JoPel was not a minority enterprise after all.) Mr. Nargi soon found himself bounced, as described in this FBI interview report: "NARGI advised that the reason he 'walked away' from the business was because MASSELLI knows all sorts of dangerous people and that the risk was too great for him to object to MASSELLI's takeover of his business."

So much for business ties with Masselli. Other evidence—including conversations taped from Masselli's phone—suggest there was a considerable web of social and personal ties among executives of JoPel and Schiavone. One Schiavone vice president loaned money to Masselli, and Masselli arranged a free room for him in Las Vegas. Another stayed one weekend at Masselli's Florida condominium. Masselli is heard on one of the tapes saying: "We're invited to[INAUDIBLE.] He says I got that two tickets. In fact he says come on with me now, . . . we're gonna go pick up Ronnie [Schiavone, the company president] and uh Ray Donovan and then we're gonna go right up. . . ."

Mr. Donovan, asked at his confirmation hearings whether he knew of any business or social ties with organized crime figures, replied: "I do not." The special prosecutor does not believe he can prove perjury here, and we will take his word for it. But there appear to be only two possibilities. Either Mr. Donovan failed to be candid with the Senate committee or he has been cheerfully oblivious for some years of the extent of his company's ties with a mob-dominated organization. Neither alternative especially suits him for a job in which he is a principal enforcer of laws against labor racketeering.

Other links with organized crime. Informants considered reliable in the past by the FBI linked Mr. Donovan to nearly two dozen other organized crime figures. (Fred Furino, one reputed mob figure who repeatedly denied knowing Mr. Donovan, flunked a polygraph test on the issue. He was later found stuffed in the trunk of a car with a bullet in his head.) Since a number of them—Salvatore (Sally Bugs) Briguglio, for instance—are dead, since there was in no case documentary evidence, and since the questions at the confirmation hearing were not always specific, Mr. Silverman cannot prove perjury here either. But neither can he disprove most of the charges, and no one—Mr. Donovan included—has proposed an explanation for the sheer number of charges by reliable sources.

Election law charges. There is considerable evidence that Mr. Donovan, as President Reagan's chief New Jersey fund raiser, used or knew of the use of Schiavone Company resources for fundraising in unsavory ways. Mr. Silverman has passed these charges on to the Federal Election Commission. J. Dawson Gray, a purchasing agent for Schiavone, testified that purchasing manager Jack Frost compiled a list of a thousand vendors and subcontractors to Schiavone who would be asked, in Schiavone's name, to contribute to the Reagan campaign. Mr. Gray said he was told to solicit these contributions on company time, and to convey the impression that he was under pressure to get results. At least two vendors who were targets of these solicitations characterized them as "putting the arm on" and said they feared loss of business with Schiavone if they failed to contribute.

This account by no means exhausts the fruits of the special prosecutor's investigation. There are plenty of other questionable Schiavone Company practices, including the payment of $13,000 to a company used exclusively to launder mob pay-offs and the hiring of "ghost employees," who collect paychecks but don't

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work, to pay for labor peace. And if a prosecutor distinguishes between Mr. Donovan and his company for purposes of criminal charges, others need follow no such niceties. Mr. Donovan, after all, owns some 40 percent of the company and his area of direct responsibility specifically included labor relations.

All in all, Mr. Silverman's report—though it stops short of provable criminal charges—is a tawdry record of half-truths, questionable practices, and unseemly associations on the part of the Secretary of Labor. It may be true, as a *Wall Street Journal* editorial suggested ("It is one of those real-world truths that cannot be blinked"), that you don't work in the construction industry if you don't pay off. But that hardly makes Mr. Donovan the sort of man "who might see some ways to clean up the kinds of racketeering abuses that damage industries and destroy jobs." If we really required nothing more of Cabinet officials than that they not be demonstrable felons, then Mr. Donovan would—it seems—pass muster. But surely we have not come to that.

Good Clean Fun

Pardon us for harrumphing, but whatever became of the fresh-faced, clear-eyed ball player who played clean and lived the same way, and whose idea of a good time was to go to a children's hospital and sign a few autographs? Even if such athlete-heroes bulked larger in legend than in reality, at least there used to be more conscientious efforts to keep up appearances. But that was before the Dodgers moved out of Brooklyn. Then came crass commercialism and checkbook sports, exemplified by George Steinbrenner and his star-studded Yankees, and no-cut, multimillion-dollar, multiyear contracts that keep the dough rolling in regardless of performance. More recently, we've had the sudden athletic fascination with little lines of white powder. Don Reese's confessions in the July 14 *Sports Illustrated*, which revealed his addiction to cocaine, uncovered an entire network of drug abuse among the warrior-heroes of gladiatoral football. Even NFL officials, normally reticent about admissions of illicit activities in pro football, acknowledge that as many as fifty players have a chemical dependency on cocaine and that 40 percent of the players have at least a nodding acquaintance with the drug.

And now comes Quintin Dailey, who may finally do in the image of professional athletes as nice guys. Dailey is a tremendous basketball player, but at the University of San Francisco he did more than play guard; he was charged with attempted rape, false imprisonment, and attempted oral copulation during an attack on a nurse. After plea-bargaining negotiations conducted by a prominent San Francisco attorney (with Reggie Jackson paying the legal fees), Dailey pleaded guilty to aggravated assault and, on June 25, was sentenced to three years' probation. The following week the Chicago Bulls picked him seventh in the NBA draft. At his unveiling to Chicago fans, everyone was looking for a nominal show of remorse or regret. This was not forthcoming until a few days later, presumably after Dailey's agent convinced him it would be good for his contract negotiations.

No one expects the return of noble idealism to sports. That would probably require the dismantling of the enormous structure of money, television networks and advertisers, universities, agents, and sports lawyers. But whom are little kids supposed to look up to if the typical (or even atypical) professional athlete is a felon with a fat wallet and a coke spoon around his neck? Politicians, perhaps?

Notebook

□ GIVEN THE REIGNING gloom about the future of democracy, it's reassuring that nine of the twelve teams that made it to the finals in the World Cup soccer tournament were from countries that have democratic governments. A tenth team came from Poland, where tyranny is a function purely of geography, not of inclination. The remaining two teams were from the Soviet Union (eliminated after the Poles, with a nice sense of economy, fought them to a scoreless tie) and from Argentina, the defending champions. The Argentines lost; it just hasn't been their year. In any case, both they and the Russians got their just deserts. And isn't it nice that Italy won? The Italians needed a break, and now they've got one.

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Sir: Requests for autographs are part of the burden which every author has to carry. I do not mind my share, so long as the requests come from persons who have read my books and have some idea of me and what I stand for. But recently the Waterman Fountain Pen Company has started some kind of idiotic prize competition, in which the competitors are induced to write to all kinds of 'famous persons' and collect their autographs. The result is that for several weeks not a single mail passes without my getting requests for autographs, mostly from children or semi-literate persons. There are five of them in this morning's mail, and so the worm is turning. I propose the organization of a Famous Persons' League for the purpose of protecting ourselves against machinations of advertising men and publicity sharks who steal our time and postage stamps in the effort to promote their sales." (Correspondence, "Say It With Fountain Pens," Upton Sinclair, August 3, 1932.)

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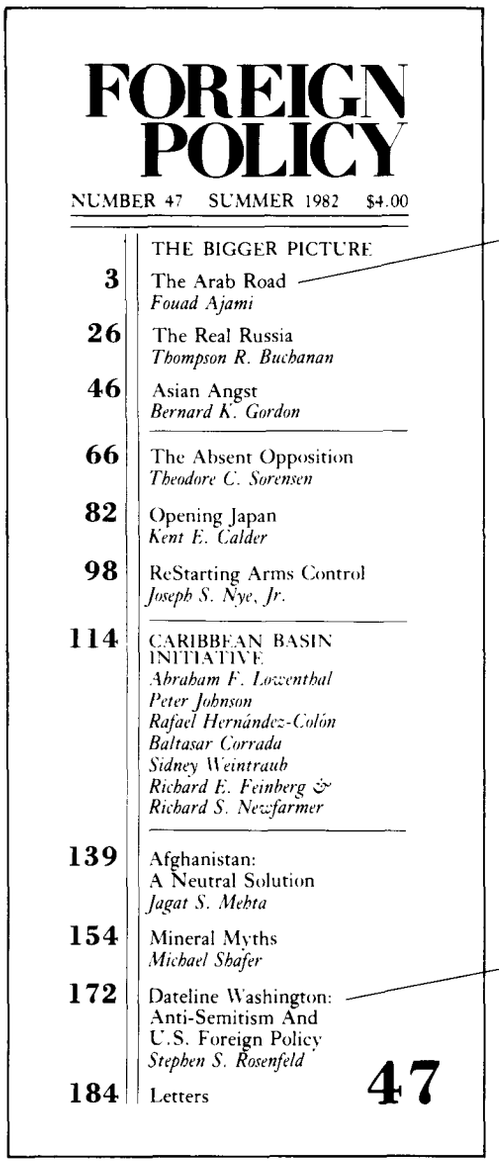

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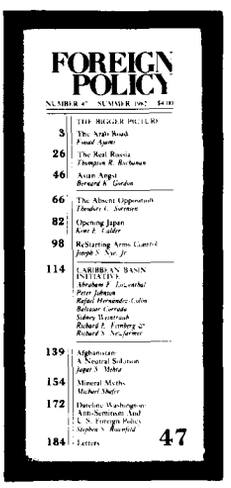

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We wallfly Haig conversationing Shultz.

DEBRIEF ENCOUNTER

On June 27 Alexander Haig briefed George Shultz for three hours in his eighth-floor office at the State Department. No aides were present, no notes were taken, and neither the outgoing nor the incoming vicar met with reporters afterward. What follows is a phantom reconstruction.

THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY grandfather clock struck two and a wry smile flickered across Haig's face as he stiffly greeted his visitor. "Good to see you again, George. Have a good ride down from Camp David?"

"Fair enough. I've been there before." Without waiting to be asked, Shultz slid into one of the leather armchairs and lit his pipe.

"What's your drink, George?" Haig's voice was more combative than hospitable.

"Diet Pepsi, if you have it." Shultz patted his paunch.

"Sorry, no diet sodas."

"Then nothing, thanks."

Haig poured himself a Scotch and soda, mostly Scotch, then settled into the armchair opposite Shultz's. He found himself breathing heavily. An awkward silence. Then Haig's parade-ground voice: "I don't care what Henry told you. You were a fool to take the job."

Clouds of smoke engulfed Shultz as he said softly, "Was I?"

"Kissinger's using you, don't you realize that? You're being Trojan horsed. Getting you into this office is another step in Henry's rehabilitation process. As soon as you're confirmed, he'll start plotting to get your job. Ask Bill Rogers about that."

Shultz gave a noncommital grunt, then asked, "Is the job that bad, Al?"

"George, you'll be up against an old man who's asleep half the time. He's hostage to his cronies, fifth-raters who never stop sycophanting. They know nothing about the outside world. They're pygmies armed with nuclear weapons."

"The Kremlin?"

"Hell no, the White House."

Shultz remembered the instructions he had gotten at Camp David just that morning: "He can blow sky high, so don't provoke him." Shultz decided that diplomacy called for cleaning his pipe.

"So you don't want to talk about our S.O.B.s," Haig said with a smirk. "Okay, we'll talk about the Russians. In terms of shape, they're worse than we are. Healthwise, Brezhnev is dead. The Politburo—if they're not drunk, they're popping pills. It took them a year and a half to make up their minds about Poland. We couldn't believe it. Every time the Red Army was ready to move, they couldn't find anyone with the guts to issue the orders. They weren't scared of us, they just couldn't decision."

"What do you make of the Soviet economy?" asked Shultz, genuine interest in his voice.

"If they were a corporation, they'd have Braniffed long ago. If we wanted leverage, we'd stop graining them. But Iowa has those damned caucuses, and you know what Reagan promised. George, it's all tangled up with the pipeline. We say 'no pipeline' and our allies shout back 'why send them grain?' If there's one thing I know, it's that we've got to consensus with our allies. By the way, the real duplicitous bastard is your friend Schmidt. The way he detentes with the Russians, you'd think the Berlin Wall was in Kansas City."

"What do you make of Mitterrand and the French economy?" asked Shultz.

"He's a sly frog, but I've had pretty good luck with him. There's nothing like seeing Red—those four Communists in his cabinet—to remind you of the facts of life."

"But, Al, Bill Clark tells me. . . ."

"Don't tell me about Bill Clark. I'd sooner trust Yasir Arafat. Just imagine what Henry would have done if Nixon had made Ron Ziegler Deputy Secretary of State. But I taught him things. I sent him around on real missions."

Haig fixed himself a straight Scotch. "But no more Mr. Nice Guy. No more Mr. Secretary of State. I've been Judased by Clark, and don't think I'll let him forget it."

Shultz fiddled with the leather buttons on the arms of his chair. "Now Al, I know you're concerned about Israel, but what about Lebanon? I remember when their economy was booming."

Haig rejected the olive branch. "I don't care what your Saudi friends tell you, you can't context with Israel in a pressure mode. Menachem Begin is a tinhorn King David, but we don't want to be a toothless Goliath. Sure, Israel is a banana republic, but they're our bananas. We've got to keep them out of the fire, so I don't mind if Lebanon is General Sharon's sandbox, just as long as he gets the Syrians and the PLO crazies out of there. You know, George, the difference between you and me is that I've survived war and terrorism."

"You know, Al, at Bechtel we've been under the gun too. We've had our own terrorist scares."

Haig exploded. "About the only danger you ever faced at Bechtel was working with Cap Weinberger. Like hell he's Cap the Knife. He's Jack the Ripper. Wherever he goes, he bloods the floor. He talks tough, but when our allies—Maggie or Menachem—get into a shooting war, Cap evenhands."

Haig lit a Marlboro. "And when it comes to Poland, Cap is a joke. If he has his way, we'll declare Poland bankrupt and we won't see a penny of our money. You

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understand money, don't you, George? You sure have made a hell of a lot more of it than I have."

Shultz puffed thoughtfully on his pipe. "Speaking of money, Al, what do you plan to do now? Write your memoirs? Go back to United Technologies?"

"I've had a couple of calls from corporations. As for memoirs, I just don't have Henry's literary gift. You know, that rare ability to settle scores in print and boost people like you. Of course, I have my military pension. It's not much, but what do you expect after a lifetime of service to your country?"

Shultz tried to ignore the way Haig's face was twitching. He cleaned his pipe again. Haig's hands were shaking as he tried to light another cigarette.

"Pull yourself together, Al. Remember, you're still Secretary of State."

Haig's response was a gale of laughter. "George, you know what I'm thinking about? I'm trying to picture the first time you try to explain nuclear strategy to Ed Meese. There you are talking about throw-weight and he asks what you think of the new type of nightstick that the San Diego police have just developed."

Shultz shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Or the first time you go into the Oval Office to discuss China policy with the President. And he starts talking about what a great man Chiang Kai-shek is and how we ought to have him make a state visit to Washington. And I can just see your face the first time Nancy tells you that. . . ."

Haig was still laughing when Shultz quietly got up and left the office.

CHARLES FENYVESI AND WALTER SHAPIRO

Charles Fenyvesi and Walter Shapiro are staff writers for *The Washington Post Magazine.*

ON THE HILL

INVISIBLE MEN

PRESIDENT REAGAN has found only one occasion to confer with the Congressional Black Caucus, and he spent the first several minutes of that hour-long meeting discussing jelly beans. Having exhausted a favorite topic, the President issued a challenge to the eighteen members of the caucus. "He told us, 'Come up with a constructive alternative budget if you don't like my way of reducing deficits,' " says Representative Mickey Leland of Texas. "So we did." The caucus budget projected a $93-billion deficit for 1983, the lowest of any proposal, and simultaneously restored several of last year's education, housing, welfare, and health cuts. It restructured last year's tax cuts to increase benefits for lower- and middle-income groups and provided a $6-billion to $8-billion job-creation and job-training program. It endorsed the nuclear freeze, withholding funds for new nuclear weapons systems. But when the caucus budget came to the House floor in late May, it attracted only eighty-six votes.

ASIDE FROM a column by David Broder in *The Washington Post*, which appeared after the vote, the Black Caucus effort received little media attention. The caucus members are all House Democrats, so they didn't really expect Reagan to respond to their initiative. But they were perplexed by the reaction—or nonreaction—of their own party. House majority leader Jim Wright acknowledges that the caucus budget contained "some darn good things," but says: "It's not only the Black Caucus that felt it hadn't been accorded sufficient attention or credulity. The Boll Weevils also made some assertions alleging that the leadership is giving them short shrift. So it's the same thing with the other extreme." Yet caucus members say they simply put forward a traditional Democratic budget that was tailored to the recession. "It's a sad day when the most loyal Democrats get the same amount of respect as the most recalcitrant," says one caucus staffer, who thinks the Democratic strategy was a case study in the politics of cynicism.

According to many caucus members, a number of Democrats were more interested in placing responsibility for the economy solely with the Republicans than in devising an alternative that would be both feasible and equitable. The caucus budget called for an $11.6-billion increase in discretionary spending devoted mostly to social programs, compared with a $2-billion cut in discretionary spending contained in the final Democratic proposal sponsored by House Budget Committee chairman Jim Jones of Oklahoma. The Jones bill did incorporate some of the caucus's housing and middle-income mortgage-rate subsidies and job-training suggestions. But, as one caucus member puts it, "The Jones budget didn't exactly point the way to a more progressive stance for the party of the New Deal." Many caucus affiliates say their budget was ignored because it was viewed by most Representatives as "the black budget." Wright, who identifies the defense provisions as the main reason for the caucus's failure to get the backing of moderate Democrats, denies that the failure was due to racism or a patronizing attitude. "But I've discerned a sense that it was entitled to more support," he says.

Ever since its founding, eleven years ago, the Black Caucus has considered itself the conscience of Congress. Its members like to distinguish it from the caucuses that pay tribute to narrow interests, such as the 130-member Steel Caucus, and from the more informal groupings, like the Irish Caucus and the Mushroom Growers' Caucus. Because the Black Caucus strongly advocates particular policy positions, it also

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differs from bipartisan groups that act primarily as information services, such as the 163-member Arts Caucus. Members of the Arts Caucus pay annual dues of $100; for the Steel Caucus, it's $200. But the eighteen black Representatives pay $2,000 a year to keep their caucus afloat. Recent regulations for special-interest caucuses have further constricted the Black Caucus's funding sources, prompting some staffers and members to fear for its survival.

FOR MOST of its history, the caucus blended what members like to call its liberal purity with a focus on issues concerning blacks. But since Reagan took office, the caucus has come to see itself as the primary defender of all the poor, and its budget reflected new approaches to the problems of the so-called underclass. For example, the caucus alternative featured a $4-billion "urban infrastructure" program designed to revitalize city sewer systems, waterworks, roads, bridges, and buildings while creating jobs. It also proposed a four-cent-per-gallon gas tax, with the receipts going to pay for mass transit and highway repair. (Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis has been pushing a similar plan within the Administration, but the caucus stresses mass transit and Lewis favors highways.) The caucus addressed the problem of crime by pressing for gun control and working to reduce unemployment. Indeed, almost no public policy question these days escapes the caucus's attention. In education, the caucus calls for an expanded federal role and the tailoring of education to the job market. The caucus budget allocated $1.8 billion to adult vocational training. The caucus lobbied successfully for the recent extension of the Voting Rights Act. In foreign policy, it has criticized the Administration's friendly attitude toward South Africa and wants to shore up economic aid to promote growth in the Caribbean.

To advance its platform, the caucus has adopted the conventional strategy of coalition-building. Before caucus chairman Walter Fauntroy could campaign in Congress for his budget, he had to reconcile differences over tactics within the caucus. The group is far from monolithic, despite the lingering tendency of some on the Hill to characterize all black Representatives as agreeing on all issues. Ronald Dellums of California, John Conyers of Michigan, and Gus Savage of Illinois departed from their caucus colleagues and voted against the final Jones budget, even though the successful Republican budget of Ohio's Delbert Latta was a stronger assault on the poor. Once the caucus had completed its budget, Fauntroy spoke with numerous interest groups and the sponsors of the other liberal budget proposals in the House in an effort to present a single progressive alternative. That attempt proved unsuccessful. "The bottom line," Fauntroy complains, "is that people aren't prepared to accept black legislators in a leadership role, the quality of their work notwithstanding."

In an attempt to broaden the funding base of its members and to conform to funding rule changes, the caucus recently formed its own political action committee, which it whimsically named the Parker-Coltrane Committee, in honor of the late pioneers of the jazz saxophone, Charlie Parker and John Coltrane. The caucus also has established a tax-exempt foundation. Members of the caucus believe they represent not only their own districts but also black Americans generally. They were able to mobilize widespread grass-roots support in the successful fight to renew the Voting Rights Act. They point out that there are 110 congressional districts in which at least 15 percent of the voters are black.

Some observers, such as Jim Wright, believe the caucus will only be as effective as its individual members. "As black legislators accumulate seniority and establish reputations for doing their homework, they will have a greater impact," Wright says. Others think the caucus devoted too much time to a budget resolution which never would have passed and might have better spent its energy "playing hardball—getting the most concessions possible out of Jones and the like," as one administrative assistant says. Fauntroy, however, feels that the problem lies not with the caucus but with Congress's perceptions of it. "For the last two years, we've decided as a group to address the basic difficulties affecting the nation, because those problems are reflected most acutely in the black experience. Unemployment, housing, inflation, interest rates, public schools: those problems affect more whites than blacks, obviously, but they hit blacks harder."

SO FAR the Black Caucus has little to show for its change of strategy. Moreover, those who take exception to its policy prescriptions have yet to engage black members in respectful debate. Only two Representatives challenged the budget's assumptions on the House floor. Caucus members give two explanations for most Democrats' indifference. First, "the Administration has built its strategy on attaching a black face to the programs it is cutting," Fauntroy says. Moderate Democrats, he suggests, are reluctant to inform and educate their constituents as long as the perceived popularity of Reaganism persists. "Medicaid, student loans, job training—sure, they help blacks, but they help more whites," Fauntroy says.

A second, and related, explanation for the studied indifference to the caucus budget is even more distasteful—the misguided notion that blacks are interested only in food stamps, welfare, and civil rights, and not in broader fiscal and social issues. Yet the Black Caucus budget had the lowest deficit. The irony is that at the precise moment its members thought they had entered the mainstream, they were being cast as extremists.

LAURENCE GRAFSTEIN

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After years of occupation, a summer of pain and untruth.

LEBANON EYEWITNESS

BY MARTIN PERETZ

MUCH OF WHAT you have read in the newspapers and newsmagazines about the war in Lebanon—and even more of what you have seen and heard on television—is simply not true. At best, the routine reportorial fare, to say nothing of editorial or columnists' commentary, has been wrenched out of context, detached from history, exaggerated, distorted. Then there are the deliberate and systematic falsifications: remarkably little of what has been alleged in various published protest statements against the Israeli action in Lebanon is fact. I know; I was there.

So too, of course, were hundreds of other journalists, most of them honest men and women, hardworking and skeptical. Indeed, if one could contrive to get one's news, only from, say, David Shipler of *The New York Times*, covering the Israeli side of the war lines, and from Thomas Friedman, also of the *Times*, working out of the PLO-held zone; perhaps with some occasional glances at David Ignatius's complex impressions in *The Wall Street Journal*, Eric Silver's reports in *The Guardian* of London, David Ottaway's dispatches in *The Washington Post*, and Arnold Hottinger's analyses in the *Neue Zuercher Zeitung*—and, in deference to the age of visual simultaneity, take in the National Public Radio broadcasts of Jim Ledderman and the telecasts of the Cable News Network and of Independent Network News, which in depth of understanding and respect for viewers' intelligence outclass the big three—then one might have a reasonably balanced view of recent events and their background.

But few of us are immune to the impact of the thirty-second TV news update, the headline that tells all but what's important, the human-interest particular that misrepresents by universalizing, the analogy that warps rather than illumines. (The most obscene of this last is the comparison of Beirut, where six thousand PLO gunmen hold a civilian population hostage to their last-ditch battle with Israel, with the Warsaw ghetto, all of whose inhabitants were marked by ascription for death by the Nazis. This likening of the Jews to the Nazis and of the PLO to the Jews is sometimes made less directly by characterizing the Israeli invasion as "genocidal" and Israeli war aims as "the final solution to the Palestinian problem." It is possible that some use these words sloppily, the way people once talked about American genocide in Vietnam—or Harlem. Others use them knowingly, which is to say, knowing well how inappropriate they are.) Mass culture makes much of our politics derivative of such superficialities: the media, fast-paced for multiple deadlines—early edition, late edition, morning news, 7 o'clock news, 11 o'clock news—are always after new, vivid images of conflict, violent if possible, even if they beg, unrequited, for explanation. Why would anyone be interested in buildings that have remained standing or in bodies that have remained whole? The standing order for the armies of the fourth estate is "good copy." Journalists have a professional interest—and it is a vocational hazard for their thinking—in broken necks and amputated limbs, the equivalent of fires and armed robberies on the local news. So we now have people who are thought and who think themselves informed, we now have editorial writers and columnists, officially certified as informed and also wise, who seem to form their political opinions from news photographs.

And why, after all, shouldn't they? Aren't pictures of human suffering in war evidence enough of the wrongness of war? But those who take their opinions from photographs or verbal evocations of war victims are not pacifists; few of the condemnations of Israel are based on pacifist principles or even on vaguely pacifistic sentiment. And few of those who condemn Israel today condemn others when their actions make for similar photographs, or worse ones. In any case, pacifism is not politics. All wars hurt, but some wars are conducted differently from others—yes, more humanely, and to more humane purpose. This I argue—this I saw with my own eyes—is Israel's war in Lebanon. It's a war too complicated to tell about quickly, too taxing by way of historical understanding for correspondents armed with a peculiarly American mixture of ignorance, cynicism, and brashness, who jet from crisis to crisis—looking for Vietnam, and, if possible, for Watergate, too. There is one other factor: a cohort of journalists specializing in the Middle East—Jonathan Randal, William Claiborne, Edward Cody, and Jim Hoagland, all of *The Washington Post*, lead the pack—with a record to defend. The events in Lebanon prove them wrong, some of them deceitfully so, and they shape the facts—as they want to shape the future—to disguise the disservice they've done their

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readers, which is to say the disservice they've done the truth and, therefore, the foreign policy of our country as well.

II.

About ten days into the war, THE NEW REPUBLIC noted editorially that there had been "terrible civilian casualties . . . terrible Israeli callousness." With the specificity that the computer age requires, two numbers had by then been bruited about in the media. One widely cited report numbered the dead at 10,122; another, at 9,583. The figure that took hold in the public's imagination was a neat 10,000 fatalities, to which were added anywhere from 16,000 to 40,000 wounded, and no less than 600,000 refugees. (Another recent figure claims 700,000.) TNR had been skeptical of the statistics from the first, but, deep down, I feared that perhaps the Israelis had actually been "unforgettably bloody," as the *Post* would later put it, causing "widespread slaughter of civilians." I too had seen on television the bombed-out buildings of Sidon.

There is no way to be pleasantly surprised as one travels north from sleepy Nahariya, on Israel's Mediterranean coast, into Lebanese territory. Waterside roads have been strafed, trees uprooted, cars damaged, roofs of the occasional shoreline houses blown out; PLO artillery pieces, carcasses of a self-defeating illusion, litter the landscape. The UNIFIL outposts—those preposterous redoubts of French, Nepalese, Fijian, and Dutch witnesses to the inability of international authority to keep the promise made to Israel after 1978 that Palestinian terrorists would not again assault its settlements—are untouched. The fighting here was fast, and, as army types aseptically put it, "light." No one says that south of Tyre many civilians, or any, were caught in harm's way.

Tyre is where the controversy about civilian casualties starts and Sidon is where it ends. The casualities of West Beirut, whose destiny the PLO holds in its hands, were never counted in the early estimates that first provoked indignation. Tyre and Sidon fell to the Israelis after forty-eight hours of heavy fighting. The cities were bombed from the air, shelled from the sea, set upon over the land. These were not, said a saddened Israeli colonel, "manicured attacks." But neither were they indiscriminate or wholesale; this was no war against a civilian population, Lebanese or Palestinian. Whomever I talked to on the streets—and there are many eager to talk, Christian and Moslem, in French or English or Arabic—pointed out that what the Israelis had targeted were invariably military targets. A friend in the States later remonstrated that this observation implicitly faults the PLO for resisting the invasion. It's not that, not that at all—but rather that the PLO resisted, as it had previously aggressed, from the midst of civilian life, and of Lebanese as well as of Palestinian civilian life. With excruciating consistency, the PLO's commanders seemed to favor for their antiaircraft batteries the courtyards of schools, for their tanks and artillery the environs of hospitals, apartment buildings, and—easiest for them and most devastating for their families—the labyrinthine alleys of the refugee camps, Rashidiye at Tyre and in Ain el-Hilwe at Sidon. The PLO was not alone in turning noncombatant areas into war zones: Jonathan Randal in the *Post* (June 14) gingerly admits from Aazzouniye that "there were also confused reports of Syrian soldiers being in the area of the sanitarium during the fighting." In Jezzin, more beautiful than Aspen, the reports were not confused. Dr. Naji Kannan told me that he had evacuated patients to his own home from his hospital because the Syrians had installed themselves in its confines and wouldn't leave.

ON WHOM, according to the Geneva Convention's laws of war aiming to set inhibitions on the killing of innocents, falls the onus for civilian casualties incurred in populated areas? Had the Israelis, I asked, shelled areas from which there was no fire? No one, not even the surly young bank clerk in Tyre, suggested they had. The entrance to Sidon and the city center were devastated—and, I was told by locals, that's exactly where PLO arms and fighters were most densely concentrated. The bombed-out, skeletal evidence of a military infrastructure proved it. In this primarily Moslem locale, PLO headquarters stood directly between the Shabb hospital and Al Fatah's own infirmary. All the same, it was apparent that Israeli forces took pains not to damage such buildings, likely to hold civilians. Even in heavily hit areas, many mosques and other public institutions seemed miraculously to survive unscathed. I wandered freely, I should add, with an officer from Dover Zahal, the army's information unit. He had no itinerary beyond my curiosity.

You've seen the destroyed areas on television; you've probably not seen the vast areas adjacent to them or those five or ten minutes away. In the hills beyond Sidon and Tyre, toward the interior, the countryside has been wholly undisturbed. Here and there are shell marks; natives date them vaguely to five or six years ago. The press has systematically ignored the fact that much of the destruction, in the cities and in other locales like Damour, that it describes and portrays on television is a result of seven years of bitter fighting.

In both major coastal cities, hours before the Israeli attack, leaflets had been dropped, calling on the inhabitants to flee to the beaches, which would be guaranteed by the Israelis as open or war-free zones. That's what the cities could have been had the PLO entrenched themselves in the hills and not in the cities. In Sidon, I was told by a local merchant, the PLO firebombed a street of shops to emphasize its intent that people not leave. (Elsewhere, it was rumored, the PLO killed people who wanted to leave, but I did not hear this from a reliable source myself.) Dr. Pinhas

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Harris, Israel's Scottish-born deputy surgeon-general, who returned from leave at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D.C., to direct the medical relief effort in the south, estimated that more than 100,000 people, perhaps 150,000, took refuge on the beaches north and south of Sidon. Two weeks after the fighting, I could see that there had been a vast encampment. Israelis told me that food had run out quickly. "It is not a happy circumstance to escape to the beaches," Dr. Harris conceded, "but had more civilians heeded our warnings, listened to our importunings, the number of dead would have been infinitesimal."

What were the numbers? "Please don't tell us," Mary McGrory wrote Menachem Begin in an open letter in *The Washington Post* (June 20) "that the figures given by the Lebanese of *9,000* civilian dead are exaggerated." But was it not the numbers which flared tempers? Was it not the numbers which in Richard Cohen's meticulous calculus (*Post*, June 10) of just how little Israel had suffered from recent terrorist attacks—and not what it had prevented in the past and prevented for the future—that made its response "totally out of proportion"? People who talk about proportionality need to be scrupulous about numbers.

NUMBERS HAVE always been a problem in Lebanon: there has been no census for more than a generation, lest fresh figures disrupt the political formula for denominational representation which alone allows Lebanon to be imagined as one country. The PLO will not allow UNRWA to do a count of the refugees in the camps lest allocations be reduced. As on Chicago's voting rolls, old people don't really die in the camps; their food rations go on forever. The population of Lebanon is said to be about three million; this makes the figure of 600,000 new refugees in the south transparent nonsense, since that is roughly the total number of inhabitants of the war zone, from the Mediterranean in the west to the Syrian front in the east. Even the scaled-down number of 300,000 refugees defies logic and one's eyes. A number that never seemed to change is of those in West Beirut. Although for weeks correspondents have described—and I saw—long lines of cars laden with people and belongings leaving the PLO-held sector, there always were 500,000 people left; the Israelis' guess is between 200,000 and 250,000. Finally, making the elementary point that when people leave a city its population decreases, Bernard Gwertzman (*Times*, July 13) estimated there were from 200,000 to 400,000 civilians left. In a sidebar to its March 1981 series on Lebanon, the *Post* told us that there are 400,000 resident Palestinians in the country. But on July 8, Jonathan Randal, the coauthor of last year's articles, wrote that there are 500,000. Surely it's not the birthrate. Elsewhere the number *600,000* crops up. So what's one or two hundred thousand among journalists? If no one quibbles about these big numbers, no one should quibble about a mere few thousand in the death count. Friedman in the *Times* tells us that the current population of Sidon is 200,000; Ottaway in the *Post* says it is 300,000; in the same paper, Cody says it's 200,000. Take your pick.

GIVEN THE impossibility of accurately judging the number of the living, it is not surprising that sloppiness and propaganda determine the number of the dead. In the beginning the high toll seemed to carry the cachet of international relief agencies. Maybe that's why Senator Charles Percy, not ordinarily inclined to see the best in the Israelis anyway, accepted the 10,000 figure as close to the truth. But the source was never actually the International Red Cross or any U.N. agency, though they have been widely cited. The numbers came originally from the Palestinian Red Crescent, of which Yasir Arafat's brother is president. Some early Lebanese estimates were close to his. But the numbers from Beirut about the deaths in the south also defy logic and experience. This past winter there were airplane crashes in Washington and Boston; it took more than a week to know exactly how many were dead. But last month in Lebanon, we received and accepted precise daily figures—and not even from authorities on the spot but from Israel's enemies in besieged Beirut—and elsewhere. (*The New York Times* even called Professor Edward Said on Morningside Heights in New York to check casualty figures.) Chancellor Bruno Kreisky of Austria, joining the litany for the 10,000 dead, said his source was UNICEF. But in Geneva a spokeswoman for UNICEF declared, "We have not reported any casualty figures at all." A phone call to UNICEF headquarters in New York provoked a stronger denial.

This leaves the International Red Cross, which seems absolutely beside itself to deny responsibility for the casualty numbers. David Ottaway reported in the *Post* on June 25 that Franceso Noseda, head of the Red Cross mission in Lebanon, claimed that "we did not mention here any figure approaching 10,000." He did say that the only numbers the Red Cross had provided were the counts of 47 dead and 247 wounded in Tyre—and these figures, interestingly, are lower than those put out by Israeli authorities. In Tyre, Dr. El Khalil estimated that between 57 and 63 persons had been killed, including civilians from the refugee camps. Dr. Harris told me that Israel "doesn't estimate the dead. We count them. This is why we couldn't give numbers as readily as the people in Beirut. We had no real numbers until the fallen-in buildings were dug out. Maybe there are a few more we won't find." The Israelis didn't hazard an official number until June 22. They admit to some 250 dead in Sidon. In Nabatiye,the PLO's main base in the center, where the resistance was spotty because Palestinian regulars had run, no one really challenges the Israeli number of ten civilian dead. In a Nabatiye hospital with 60 patients, Dr. Kanon told me there was only one war-wounded, from

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Sidon. All of this is a far cry from the "many thousands" assumed by Stephen S. Rosenfeld in the *Post* on June 18.

The refugee estimates have also been brought into perspective. Many of the refugees, in fact, are those *returning* to their homes in the south, abandoned after the PLO usurpations since 1976. The fact is that the invasion has solved or redressed a refugee problem even as it has created or perpetuated one. (Many of the returning refugees travel by Mercedes, the national automobile. Almost all of these cars are old, almost all of them scarred from the country's long years of fratricide. They are certainly not emblems of the rich; there may be more Mercedeses than cedars in Lebanon. The resilience of the Mercedes in these demanding surroundings suggests that German-manufactured goods outlast nature's most hardy creations.)

REPRESENTATIVES of Oxfam and other agencies are now all over Lebanon, trying to find a way to spend the money they've raised and are still raising. Some of them have gotten into squabbles with the Israelis over bureaucratic obstacles put in the way of distributing supplies. But the truth is that there is no emergency in basic human needs: food is plentiful and cheap. An uproar in Israel and abroad quickly rectified the tendency of both Israelis and Lebanese to ignore the Palestinians' suffering; in the few areas where electricity was still out there was a shortage of flashlights; many people said there was not enough gasoline or kerosene; one farmer told me that insecticide was scarce. The hospitals are, as one medical director put it, "not especially worse off than before"; *Medicins Sans Frontières* is operating freely but without as much to do as it had expected. Jacques Windfeld of the Save the Children Federation-England observed, "I've seen many developing countries where cities look worse normally. Lebanon is a developing country, isn't it?" "The one real need is for construction supplies to help people rebuild," the supervisor of the Joint Distribution Committee's operation in Lebanon told me. "But the need is not insurmountable and it is being addressed." There is already functioning a joint task force from the Israeli Army and the frail Lebanese government to do what's needed in the warm months ahead. Most people said to have been displaced were displaced for only a few days. One indication: David Ottaway reported on June 16 that Jezzin "is said to have become a major refugee center with 200,000 now camping in and around it." When I spent a day in Jezzin a week later they were not there. I don't think Ottaway would vouch for his numbers.

What is clear is that Israel's attack was measured and careful. I was also in Lebanon after "Operation Litani" in 1978, another Israeli action that was, in my view, neither measured nor careful. A slap-dash improvisation, it did not go as far north as this recent campaign and did not embroil big cities. But many villages and towns I saw then were hit, bombed mostly, as nothing—not even the armed Palestinian center, Damour, once and for centuries a Christian town—was hit this time. The inhabitants I saw then were enraged at the indiscriminate harshness of Israel's attack. The townspeople showed no deference to the victors then, no disposition to flatter. TNR noted in 1978 that,

> air power and artillery were used in ways that turned civilians into targets, killing innocent people and driving thousands from their homes. . . . In some areas, the Israelis fought well indeed. . . . But mostly they used their fire power, the reflex of a modern army, in what can only be called an indiscriminate fashion. Fighting that way is neither necessary nor wise, and Israel was especially well prepared to fight differently. . . . The tactics Israel's army adopted were familiar and disheartening. And those tactics radically devalued what the army achieved.

Nothing comparable could be said about the events of recent weeks. This time, Lebanese of all persuasions and origins have expressed—I heard it myself dozens of times—gratification at their liberation from the PLO.

It is by now certain that the casualties reported out of southern Lebanon were false. "Arabs exaggerate," said an Arab friend to me coyly in Jerusalem. But we need no instruction in national character to know about Palestinian hyperbole. The front page of *The Washington Post* on June 12 should have been an adequate object lesson. "Minutes before a ceasefire went into effect," Richard Homan reported, "Israeli bombers destroyed a Beirut apartment building housing the PLO's military command center. A PLO communiqué said more than 100 persons had been killed." Homan then went on to report what is probably closer to the truth: "Beirut radio put the toll at five dead." It's not hard to understand why the PLO, which attacks civilians as a strategy and as a chosen alternative to engaging armed units, is profligate with estimates of the dead caused by Israel: it's one way to try to establish a parity of immorality. On June 25, 1981, the Palestine Information Office published an advertisement in *The Christian Science Monitor* charging that "over 500 people in Palestinian refugee camps and Lebanese villages had been killed in the previous month by the Israeli military air raids and attacks." On July 7 the *Monitor* published a most unusual correction of a paid advertisement. It stated that 100, not 500, had been killed from May 25 to June 25, and "of these about 90 resulted from Syrian shelling, about 10 from Israeli attacks." The correction went on to note that, according to Lebanese sources, the total number killed since April 1 had been about 700. "The great majority of the losses resulted from shelling by Syrian forces. About 40 to 50 were the result of Israeli attacks." It is just possible, it may even be likely, that more civilians were killed in Lebanon by the Syrians alone—leaving aside the routine homicidal rampages of the various Palestinian factions and the Lebanese militias—in that virtually unnoticed fighting last spring than in this entire Is-

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raeli war, which has riveted so many influential Americans to their seats of judgment. There is a certain promiscuity with zeroes in the Arab world.

III.

The relentless trolling of the PLO and its partisans about civilian casualties is directed at two audiences. With elite opinion in the West, it seems for the moment to have won a round. The other target is Israeli opinion, and, more particularly, the fighting spirit of Israel's citizen army.

Many Israeli soldiers with whom I spoke were desolated by the consequences of what they saw as their acts of necessity. They did not need the inflated casualty figures of "many thousands" to feel grief for what they had wrought. "We must be able to weep also for victims of just wars," said Yuval, a nineteen-year-old paratrooper in the elect Golani Brigade. (The Israelis ask that reporters not give last names in identifying ordinary soldiers. So here I willingly abide by the canons of their military censorship.) But Yuval went on to insist that army training establishes fastidious rules about avoiding harm to civilians in warfare. "I do not believe that we Israelis are wholly alone in the world in being so fixed on this issue. But I have no evidence that our neighbors care about it at all, and certainly not the PLO."

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In English, the phrase is clumsily rendered as either the "purity of arms" or the "morality of arms." In Hebrew, the doctrine is called *tohar haneshek;* its origins go back to the 1930s, when, as a companion piece to *havlagah* or restraint, it established clear and self-denying rules of what was militarily permissible. Zionism then was an intensely ideological movement, measuring its successes against scrupulous moral standards. The semi-official Jewish self-defense force, the Haganah, insisted on so many prohibitions on exposing unarmed Arabs to risk that, as one old veteran told me, "we took on the most terrible risks ourselves." The Haganah also got itself into an ongoing dispute with the far less meticulous and more indurated Revisionist wing of Zionism, Menachem Begin's precursors in British Mandate Palestine. In the post-independence Israel Defense Forces, the partisans of *tohar haneshek* went unchallenged. "Has the sway of the doctrine atrophied," I asked Shlomo Avineri, "with the ascendancy of the Revisionists?" Avineri is one of the world's leading political theorists, a specialist on Marx who teaches at the Hebrew University, and director-general of the Foreign Ministry in the last Labor government. He is not a friend of the incumbents or their theories. (See, for example, the devastating treatment in his new book, *The Making of Modern Zionism* [Basic Books].) His answer was clear. "If anything, the restraints of the doctrine of *tohar haneshek* are more compelling now than before," he said. "The army's professionalism, which protects it, is sure. The lapses of Operation Litani have been corrected, strenuously. Moreover, precisely because the Likud is in power and the Labor opposition waiting to pounce on deviations from the army canons, there was much greater sensitivity, much more than ever before, to the fate of civilians during wartime. You know I believe in dialectics: under Begin and Sharon military instructions, the orders of war, from the bottom to the top, were much more explicit with regard to *tohar haneshek*. The army did the maximum." What Avineri said to me was confirmed by virtually every soldier with whom I raised the matter.

Most of the soldiers I know, like most of the Israelis I know, are people of the left, all of them critics of this government, some of them critics of this war. Udi is one of them. I've known him for three years. Last fall I flew all the way from Boston to Jerusalem for his wedding. Udi is a reservist in field intelligence in the armored corps—made up of those infernal tanks which, once hit by heat-seeking weapons, don't give anyone half a chance to survive. In civilian life, he is a

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young therapist in training. He takes *tohar haneshek* seriously; he would do so even if there were no explicit doctrine. "The most awful moment of the war was when, searching through my binoculars for the source of RPGs [rocket-propelled grenades] being hurled at our tanks, I found the faces of twelve- or thirteen-year-olds. What was I to do?" After the fighting was over, he suggested that just possibly they were somewhat older. Probably they weren't older; captured PLO recruitment documents say clearly, "those under 12 years of age will not be accepted" (*The New York Times,* July 11). So were these children civilian casualties? One of Udi's friends—I don't have his name in my notes—fought hand-to-hand in a refugee camp. Fire seemed to come from everywhere and could come from anywhere. Even in pursuit of terrorists, however, he wouldn't throw grenades into rooms where they might be hiding. He wouldn't understand a phrase like "generate no prisoners." Why, after all, does Israel now hold between 5,000 to 6,000 PLO prisoners from this Lebanon operation? There were six days of close combat in one of the camps. How many Israelis died there? Wouldn't fewer have died if the Israelis relied more on bombing?

Soldiers, like other Israelis, have political opinions and political differences. In contrast to most other armies, these are aired in routinely arranged seminars or bull sessions, even on the front. Such exchanges are part of army life. Professor Avineri, for example, was in Lebanon last week on a reserve assignment with the army education unit, and conducted "fully free and open" discussions with officers and ordinary soldiers on various vexing topics, including whether it would be right or wrong for Israel to move against West Beirut. "The army doesn't fear these discussions," he told me, "even though it knows that the officers who conduct them, being mostly intelligentsia, are mostly critics of the government or actually on the left."

THE ONLY BIG demonstration anywhere in the Middle East against the war in Lebanon was in Tel Aviv, organized by an army officer-initiated movement called Peace Now. But, as the very dovish Israeli novelist Amos Oz reminds us in the July 11 *New York Times Magazine*, "Not a single member of Peace Now disobeyed the mobilization orders. . . . Some of them died in the fighting." The first night I was in Israel I met a young Peace Now reservist who had volunteered to fight even though he hadn't been called up. "My unit goes, I go."

The dissent was mostly political or strategic, not moral. It was registered in advance of the war, and also during it. No one really disagreed with the goal of removing the PLO threat in the north; but some thought the costs too high or the goal impossible to achieve. It is a strange army, needing no home-front jingoism to support it; as a lieutenant I know said, "Except for some blatherings from the Prime Minister, we heard no jingoistic slogans. It's better that way." A study done at Bar-Ilan University, released while I was in Israel, shows that, proportionally, more ex-members of the most left-wing of Israel's youth movements, the Hashomer Hatza'ir, join combat units in the army than from any other Zionist flank. Among soldiers such as these, whose political differences with the government are clearest, the greatest offense seems to have been taken at the charges of Israeli callousness or indifference to civilian casualties. "The false and hypocritical accusations coming from people who have been unfeeling about our civilian deaths and who speak in behalf of the people who aim only at civilians has caused a backlash," one Labor-affiliated journalist suggested. "Wars can be fought for purposes other than survival, for political purposes. Did the British fight the Falklands war for survival?"

IV.

Israel did not go to war against the PLO in Lebanon on behalf of the Lebanese people. Had it done so, its purpose might have been thought illegitimate. So if some alien rump had set up a state-within-a-state, as the PLO had done in southern Lebanon and Beirut since 1976, yet had not at all threatened Israel, there might have been laments in Jerusalem but little or no action from there.

And, of course, there are Israelis who didn't want action from Jerusalem, even if taken solely in Israel's interests. "I was one of them," said Clinton Bailey. "I was dead-set against this war." Bailey, 46, is a native of Buffalo, New York; he is now an Israeli. He is senior lecturer in Middle Eastern history at Tel Aviv University and now finds himself in Sidon, after a stint in Nabatiye, as adviser on Arab affairs to the Israeli military in southern Lebanon. He comes by this post because he is a prominent Arabist; he teaches courses on Palestinian nationalism and Bedouin culture. He's been a burr under the saddle of successive Israeli governments, having become a tribune for the nomadic Bedouins displaced by modernization in general and, specifically, by the air bases now being completed in the Negev to replace those evacuated in the Sinai. He knows the Arabs and likes them, and not in a patronizing way. A Lebanese municipal official in Nabatiye told me that Bailey was particularly sensitive to questions of Arab dignity, "which is why he made sure that the administration of the city was quickly given over to the Lebanese. We had not really had it for six years."

That's the story I was told by Lebanese all over southern Lebanon, in the big cities and the smaller towns, by Christians and Moslems, by people of all classes and educational levels. "I had thought that the PLO had fought for a foothold in Lebanon," Bailey told me. "Not till I came here and spoke to the Lebanese themselves did I realize what the PLO had done here, that they had established a stranglehold."

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That is the great untold story of the last six years. It unfolds in every encounter with a Lebanese, even from those few still sympathetic to the plight of the Palestinians. Everyone has his own grievance, his own memories. The simplest, perhaps the most existential, is that the PLO endangered everyone's lives by making southern Lebanon a target of the Israeli military. But it rarely stops with that. The PLO, it turns out, was not a guerrilla army in a friendly sea.

Khalil, a 25-year-old Moslem who had just left West Beirut, told me that his brother had been killed by a sniper shooting from a Palestinian stronghold. Jabber, slightly younger, said that his family's car had been confiscated by a PLO faction. Hussein said that his sister was constantly being accused of being an Israeli spy: "Not true; she resisted some Palestinian's advances." Ahmet said, "They got their way always by showing the pistolet; if not the pistolet, the Kalashnikov." Toufek—his brother called him Tommy—said, "This was our land and they ran it as if it were theirs." I heard similar complaints dozens of times.

MOUSTAFA MOUEIN was the representative of the Lebanese Ministry of the Interior in the Nabatiye district, including 42 surrounding villages. Nabatiye, I was told, was deserted over the years by much of its populace. "I walked on mines," Mouein said. "I could not hang the Lebanese flag in my office or the picture of the president." This civil servant described the disintegration of the courts. "An injured Lebanese could get no justice from a Palestinian. The courts were courts of force." He groped for words. A more articulate, more cagey official, Ednan Ibrahim, the town's deputy mayor, arrived. "There was no normal society in the south," he said, in elegant French. "Civil society was paralyzed. There were no functioning judges, no lawyers really. If a judge pronounced a fair decree, who would execute it? The police were the Palestinian militias." It was a tale of kangaroo courts, and of vengeance. This had a wider meaning he wanted to share. "There had not been a civil war between Moslem and Christian in Lebanon. There was a war on the land of Lebanon by two exterior forces to destroy the government and make the country their own. I mean the PLO and the Syrians. The PLO wanted to solve its problems on our territory."

I asked both of them whether Western journalists had asked them about life with the PLO during the previous six years. Both said no. One went further: "You couldn't talk to journalists without permission." Later, in the hallway, a minor functionary volunteered, "We were glad the journalists didn't come with their questions. We would have been afraid to tell the truth."

That the journalists didn't come with their questions is clear. (And it's not only in southern Lebanon where they demonstrated a startling absence of curiosity. How many stories do you remember out of Lebanon about life in the Maronite and Druze areas of the north?) On four successive days in March 1981, *The Washington Post* ran articles, running to almost six pages, on "South Lebanon: The Forgotten War." The series, by William Claiborne and Jonathan Randal, is very tough on Major Haddad, the leader of an uneasy coalition between Shiites and Christians just north of the Israeli border, and tougher still on Israel. There is, for example, the suggestion that people left Nabatiye because of the Israelis rather than because of the PLO. "The Palestinians and their leftist allies exercise a kind of wild and woolly control," Claiborne and Randal wrote, "but they are hemmed in by the Syrian Army, which came to Lebanon as a peacekeeping force in 1976." How fortunate for the Lebanese that the PLO was hemmed in; but was the PLO really just wild and woolly? No, not exactly. In Shiite villages, "the Palestinians misbehaved, ruined orchards and crops, and the Israelis simply raised the pain threshold." Even today *Post* correspondents describe the PLO occupation in benign terms. Tyre "had been run by a local PLO commander in cooperation with local residents until the Israeli invasion." Some Lebanese, of course, did cooperate with the PLO, like the Jumblatt clan. (In Lebanon, extended families are political movements.) But is "cooperation" the word the residents of Tyre used? "Sidon had been a PLO protectorate. . . ." Perhaps a broad meaning of protection is intended here. Alas, it was not the war in southern Lebanon that was forgotten, but the people. That's what Deputy Mayor Ibrahim thinks: "Lebanon wasn't considered during the last six years." And then, with his dignity suddenly turning plaintive, "There is a Lebanese people."

BUT IT WAS from Beirut that the narrative of the Palestinian grievance was being written. From Beirut last week, Randal cavalierly reduced a complex historical dispute to a phrase: ". . . the Palestinians were expelled from Israel." Simple. It's also in Beirut where the PLO's dreams for redress are formulated and its heroes anointed. In the *Post* on July 7 Ed Cody eulogized PLO Colonel Azmeh Seghaiyer, apparently killed by the Israelis in Sidon. Azmeh "had participated in training and preparations for a number of operations against Israel including the coastal road assault of 1978 in which more than 30 Israelis were killed. . . . I always thought of him as an honorable military officer . . . you can admire a man even when he is part of deeds you cannot admire—the coastal raid, for example."

The PLO's behavior in the south does not quite fit the neat image its propagandists convey to the press. Confiscations, harassments, young people forced into the militias, schools closed, rapes, molestations, commandeering of licenses, passports, services, offices: this was the stuff of everyday life in the web of the PLO's "state-within-a-state." A doctor in the former PLO "protectorate" of Sidon reported that the PLO regularly

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sacked hospitals and doctors' offices for medical supplies. "We couldn't keep our ambulances. The local population suffered." So much so that whole villages and towns were evacuated, sometimes leaving only the aged and the infirm. The Shiite village of Arnon, for example, in the far south, near Beaufort, or Rihane farther north.

I spent some time in others. Aichiye is one. It was a Maronite village of maybe 3,000 people, emptied save for 30, maybe 40, since shortly after a PLO massacre that took 75 lives. I have before me the names of comparable towns with comparable recent histories: Brih, Kaa, Jdaidet Baalbeck, Kaddam. You've probably never heard of them. I hadn't till last month. There is a similar list of Lebanese towns shot up by the Syrians. No one pretends that the massacres were one-sided—Maronites shed the blood of Moslems, too, rivers of blood. Even Père Boulos Oneid, Aichiye's mayor-priest, admits that. But he still seemed stunned by the world's indifference, and even the Pope's, to the PLO's "rape of my native village. I am happy to be back. Ten or fifteen families return every day. Maybe with the grim lessons of the past behind us we will be able to live better with our neighbors."

IT WON'T be easy. When—and if—the foreigners leave, the local militias, manned by lithe young toughs, smiling and polite and probably trigger-happy, will still be around, armed with the hate-filled memories of old men. The Lebanese hatred of the Palestinian is something awful. The Hebrew paper *Ma'ariv* reported on July 9 that the motto of one xenophobic Maronite militia commands, "It is the duty of every Lebanese to kill one Palestinian." A blood-curdling *Times* interview on July 10 with two Christian poets left the Israeli colonel who'd accompanied correspondent Henry Kamm "so sick" that he "wanted to leave." Bailey told me, "You can't casually ask a Lebanese doctor to treat a Palestinian patient." It is a human tragedy.

But you can't begin to be able to deal with that tragedy until you look at the sources of the hatred—and the sources of the relief at the coming of the Israelis. Randal has found at least one Lebanese made happy by the war: "Dr. Labib Abu-Zahr . . . could scarcely conceal his joy. 'I'm a son of a millionaire orange grove owner. . . . Now we want to build Lebanon again with marble floors,' he said, flourishing a cigar." But is it only Lebanon's vulgar rich who are relieved by the developments in their country? I met no one rich in Lebanon, and everyone I did meet was relieved that the Israelis had lifted from them the burden of the PLO. And not all that far from Damour, where wretchedness has been the fate sequentially of Christians and Palestinians, stands the glaringly plush little community of Doha. It must have been to the nicer parts of Beirut what Bel Air is to Beverly Hills, Hobe Sound to Palm Beach. Doha showed no scars of war; its elegant homes and gardens are islands of corrupt indifference. Huge crates of granite and marble wait to be put into an unfinished house. War had intruded in Doha only when an Israeli general was killed by a PLO gunman in hiding. How had Doha, so close to ravaged Damour and other scenes of heavy fighting these last six years, remained unscathed? "The residents paid high taxes to the PLO and they provided a patrol," I was told by a less protected neighbor who lived nearby. So the PLO, a revolutionary movement of the downtrodden, not only confiscated from those with little but also cosseted those with much. Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, long-time critics of Israel, wrote from Sidon in their syndicated column that for the Lebanese "surviving the PLO was another kind of hell." The PLO was "itself an occupying power," asserted the columnists. The character of PLO rule may just have been an augury of what was planned for the "secular democratic state in Palestine." Maybe that's why those who look forward to that state weren't eager to examine the model already taking form in Lebanon.

Doubtless if the Israelis don't extricate themselves from Lebanon, they will be seen as an occupying power, as they have become in the West Bank. For now, though, the contrast between the Israelis and the PLO in southern Lebanon is vivid and welcome, a manifestation also of *tohar haneshek*. "Civilized soldiers," a schoolteacher called them. Do the Israelis loot, I asked? Toufek's sister—we were not introduced—answered from outside the circle of men, "Not a cigarette." But even well-behaved foreign soldiers, around too long, will be seen as intruders. The West Bank is historically disputed territory. Southern Lebanon is not; there is no Palestinian claim to it whatever. So try to figure out why you've heard and seen and read so much about the Israeli occupation of the West Bank and so little about the Palestinian (and Syrian) occupations of southern Lebanon, two chunks of land roughly comparable in size and population, one on everyone's tongue, the other till last month the home of the forgotten Lebanese. Not eyeless in Gaza, but eyeless in Lebanon.

V.

Who, then, is doing the censoring? Not the Jews, but the journalists, think themselves the chosen people. At the Israeli Army spokesmen's headquarters in East Beirut, I heard one American reporter complain that the daily Israeli press briefing was inconveniently timed. Wars are to be fought for the benefit of the network news. A French journalist and a Japanese photographer, who'd not seen each other "since El Salvador," fell into each other's arms near Beaufort castle. "The Israelis are making it very hard," one of them said. What does "hard" mean? The networks have accused the Israeli authorities of "political censorship" because they've refused to transmit certain

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film over satellite. I don't recall anything like those petulant outbursts when neither the British nor the Argentines allowed camera crews on to the Falklands. Everybody meekly accepted the official handouts.

Is Israel, at war with the PLO, really morally obliged as a democracy to transmit from its satellite in Tel Aviv ABC's interview with Arafat conducted in Beirut? The Israelis have also clamped down on other newsclips offensive to the censor or merely embarrassing. But this is probably the first war in history in which one side provided information services for the other. Must democracies, however, forswear engaging in psychological warfare and must they actually assist their enemies in this regard?

The uproar over Israeli censorship seems to me to be in part a projection. The press censored itself for years on Lebanon. It was not brave, but fearful—as it has been not brave but fearful at Hama in Syria or on the frontiers between Iraq and Iran, places where so many more were killed than in southern Lebanon.

VI.

I write from the safety of the seashore. The radio reports heavy casualties in Beirut, today in both parts of the city. Again, the death of innocents. Enough have been killed; no one needs the pornography of inflated numbers. West Beirut is the biggest hijacked plane in history, its population hostage of a vanquished army that has not even been asked to surrender but only to leave foreign territory with flag and song and small arms, for elsewhere, perhaps to those countries which have paid them all these years to operate out of poor Lebanon.

The radio also reports harsh repressive measures by Israel in the West Bank. These make a mockery of the victory in Lebanon which, with the PLO militarily defeated, makes it possible for Israel to take steps, however tentative and groping, toward a more generous peace. Israel is now itself hostage to Begin's ideological hubris, and to his will to be brutal. *Tohar haneshek* has run its course in the West Bank, and because of Israel's ruling politicians, not its army. The struggle in Israel, I console myself, is not over Lebanon, but over the West Bank, which is what the struggle should be about, the struggle to disgorge, the struggle to find Arab partners in a territorial compromise.

The Palestinians have always been hostage to the recalcitrance of their leaders. For sixty years a compromise was possible between the two peoples whose pasts and futures are inextricably tied to the one land of historic Palestine. But no compromise satisfied the Arab leadership—not even the tiny little statelets proposed for the Jews by the British in the 1930s, not even the partition plan of 1947. The PLO was formed, it is urgent to remember, in 1964, when the West Bank and Gaza and East Jerusalem were all still in Arab hands. Always the Palestinians were hostage to the dream of a map without Israel. That's why the leadership never really permitted the mass resettlement of refugees anywhere. Their homelessness was to fester and explode; the camps were to be the launching pad for the "the return." UNRWA, initially a humanely motivated operation, became hostage to the refusal of the Arabs to find a compromise. It is shocking, but not illogical, that an UNRWA school in Siblin should have served as a training base for PLO terrorists. When Camp David was ratified, committing the parties to negotiations for full autonomy and free elections that might eventually have developed, despite Begin's designs, into an Arab sovereignty, no West Bankers or Gazans came forward to press their case at the conference table. Some of their well-wishers never quite grasped why the Palestinian Arabs did not seize the opportunity provided by Camp David. But the Israelis understood, and rightly, that to the PLO and to those who feared it, any compromise was too compromising. And those who hinted they might want to come forward met with death at the hands of the PLO.

The Arabs of Palestine suborned their rights to the exiles in Lebanon, and the exiles chose armed struggle. The truly enormous caches of arms I saw, heavy arms, from the Soviet Union and North Korea and France and the U.S., were not being stockpiled for the social service organization which Jonathan Randal now says (*Washington Post*, July 8) is the real function of the PLO. All those weapons, far too many for those who would fight, held the Palestinians in thrall to the idea of some decisive defeat of the Israelis. It was the PLO which, having chosen armed struggle, inevitably provoked it, and was decisively defeated in it. Surrounded and isolated in Beirut, its fighters are hostage now to the idea of dying for Palestine. As in Sidon and Tyre, cities held hostage for six years, they don't care who dies with them, and their partisans don't really seem to care either.

LEBANON'S freedom to struggle through to its own complicated destiny depends on the removal of the PLO from Lebanese soil. So, too, only the removal of the PLO from Lebanon will free the Palestinians, there and in the West Bank, from their captivity to the intoxicating and death-dealing notion of no compromise. Those are the stakes in Beirut. (Understanding this, let us put an end to this silly fetish about 25 miles and 40 kilometers. Beirut, in any case, is only 33 miles from Israel's northern border.) What happens in the next days in Beirut, then, will determine whether the Palestinians will be allowed at long last to face reality. The Israelis have won their military victory; this surely is a precondition for peace. But it is not the only precondition; there are others, political ones. Whether the present Israeli government can move to create these remains to be seen. It, too, must face reality.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Latter-day Lola; More Monty P.

Lola
(United Artists Classics)

Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl
(Columbia)

The past tense now, for R. W. Fassbinder. He had developed several distinct styles in his work, which he never mixed; there was no overlap of methods among, say, *The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant* and *Jail Bait* and *Effi Briest*. Still another Fassbinder style was his homage to Douglas Sirk in the latter's *hoch* Hollywood vein. Sirk may have appealed especially to Fassbinder because, until Hitler's rise, he worked in Germany—his real name was Detlef Sierck—as a theater director of serious plays, many of them classics, and a maker of films that included Ibsen's *Pillars of Society;* and after Hitler he returned to work of this kind in Germany. While Sirk was in Hollywood, he mastered the "magazine" film—*All I Desire, Magnificent Obsession, Written on the Wind*—and it's possible that Fassbinder, eager for heterodoxy, was drawn by the fact that a classical director could take on the work of lesser Hollywood craftsmen and match or beat them at their game. Without ever going to Hollywood, Fassbinder, too, apparently wanted to enjoy working in the "magazine" vein, to share the admired Sirk's experience, to delight some of his own devotees and horrify others, and simply to practice another kind of filmmaking.

Lili Marleen, made last year, was done in full Sirkian fig—lush look, *schmerz*-packed twisty plot, and all. This year Fassbinder made *Lola*, just arrived, which is an odd mixture. Stylistically, it, too, is made à la Sirk, full of blue and red overlays on scenes, with the camera often gazing "open-mouthed" at big emotional scenes, as between bites of popcorn. But the source of *Lola* is no novelette, it's *The Blue Angel*, Josef von Sternberg's 1930 film whose script was derived by Sternberg—or by Carl Zuckmayer, says Zuckmayer—from Heinrich Mann's novel *Professor Unrat*. So the homage to Sirkian Hollywood is complicated this time, as if a good composer decided to write a score à la Sigmund Romberg with themes from Ravel.

Fassbinder's *Lola* is set in Coburg (in his native Bavaria) in the 1950s. The principals are an energetic, rich, and crooked building contractor; his mistress, who is also a singer and prostitute in the plush local cabaret; and a newcomer, a solid honest man about 50 who arrives in town to become the new building commissioner. Two analogies with *The Blue Angel*: the honest commissioner falls in love with a woman—before he knows her profession—who causes a moral declension in his life; and the woman is not designedly vicious, she is simply true to her nature.

Stylistically *Lola* has no relation to Sternberg, and there is only one echo of his symbolism. When Lola and the commissioner are walking in the country one day, he proposes and she accepts. It rains, and they take shelter in a barn; she climbs to the hayloft, stretches out, and says she has a present for him. Later, when the commissioner is walking in the country with Lola's little girl (child of the crooked contractor), they go into the same barn. The child climbs to the loft and, quite innocently, stretches out in the same place. We know, though the commissioner does not, that the contractor has bought the cabaret and has given it to Lola with the provision that it go to the child when she reaches 21. Sternberg might have used that idea, though he certainly would have photographed it differently.

Lola doesn't opt for the character complexity of *The Blue Angel* any more than for its style. It opens and closes with a still of Adenauer, and a black American soldier (a Fassbinder icon of that era) lives in the commissioner's boardinghouse, but this film is no anatomy of the years of the *Wirtschaftswunder*. It could have been set in the 1920s or 1970s. It's a deliberately superficial, easy-flowing narrative—generally predictable, I'd think, whether or not one knows the source—asking you to be a movie-watcher, getting fun from a movie. What keeps it from being a Sirk imitation or a mere parade of Movieland figures is the quality of the acting. Barbara Sukowa, of *Marianne and Juliane*, is Lola. She can sing well and ought to have been dubbed; she doesn't have allure comparable to Marlene Dietrich's. (Who has? Not even Liv Ullmann in comparable scenes in *The Serpent's Egg*.) But she is a vivid actress, with flamboyance and reserve, and she has a "transparent" face with which the actress can reveal what the character is concealing. Mario Adorf, the Swiss actor who has been a burly blast of energy in German films since 1954, is excellent as the contractor, a man with confidence in both his shrewdness and his immorality, who laughs a good deal, especially when opposed, because he can foresee victorious maneuver. He never hits anyone in the film, but we feel that he knows he could and doesn't need to. And Armin Mueller-Stahl plays the commissioner with relaxed yet forceful presence, with a modest sense of his own maturity. Mueller-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Blade Runner. Los Angeles, 2019. If it's possible not to look at or listen to the actors, the hi-tech fabric and the visual ingenuity provide marvels.

E. T., The Extra-Terrestrial. A stranded, frightened little visitor from Out There is befriended by California children. Some endearment, much movie-made hope.

La Femme Enfant. Innocent love between a fourteen-year-old country girl and a mute laborer (Klaus Kinski). Full of reticent feeling.

The Secret Policeman's Other Ball. Monty Python up to their new tricks. Filmed excerpts of two London stage shows. High level except for musical interludes by guests.

SK

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Stahl made over sixty films in East Germany and moved to West Germany in 1980. (There was a poet and playwright in East Germany named Armin Müller, born 1928. The same?)

So . . . here's the first Fassbinder film I've seen since his death, and the experience is much as I expected it to be—a feeling now of historical inquiry rather than contemporary report. A still later Fassbinder film, his last, will be shown at the Venice Film Festival in August—*Querelle*, derived from Genet and starring Jeanne Moreau—and will come here soon after, I hope. It won't afford any of the "sunset years" feeling of an older artist's final work, but at least it will let us see a bit more clearly where Fassbinder was, artistically, when he died at 36.

Believe it or not—and you might as well believe it—there's already another Monty Python film: *Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl*. Like the last M. Python opus, it's made up of excerpts from a performance, done last year. Blessedly unlike the last one, it contains no musical numbers by guests. Some of the excerpts are segments of film, animated and live, that were also included in the Bowl show.

One sketch, rich old men trying to outdo one another with descriptions of their childhood poverty, is a repeat from *The Secret Policeman's Other Ball*. One is a "standard" of theirs, the Ministry of Silly Walks, a travel-agency skit I had seen when they performed at the New York City Center in 1976. Most of the others were new to me, including a dispute between Michelangelo and his patron, the Pope, about the number of disciples and Christs in a commissioned painting of *The Last Supper*. The vehement finish contains an implied payoff: so far as I know, Michelangelo never did a *Last Supper*. (Or maybe the Pope had it destroyed.) But I've reached the point where I don't much care whether Monty Python skits are new or not, as long as they select from their best.

English humor is notoriously crueler than American humor, and sometimes this is salutary, as in most of Monty Python. But starchy though it may sound, I wouldn't miss the jokes of racial/ethnic derogation if they were eliminated; and I wonder whether a skit that depends on the deafness of some athletes amuses deaf people very much.

Otherwise, Monty Python keeps proving how good it is to have bitingly bright undergraduates around who never grew up except in talent.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Varieties of Theatrical Experience

Recently a theater management asked me not to review a certain production because the only time I could see it, close to opening, was on a date one night before the critics were officially invited. I did not consider this prohibition unreasonable—theaters have the right to determine when, or even if, a play is ready for critical evaluation—but since the production had been running in previews for over a week, I found it odd that anyone could imagine profound changes happening between one performance and another taking place the very next night.

It then occurred to me (with a start) that I probably would have assumed much the same thing and acted in much the same way regarding one of my own productions. As a theater director, I share the view that any set of circumstances can have a radical effect on performance, even on succeeding nights. As a critic, I tend to think these variations exist more in the minds of theater professionals than in the consciousness of those who sit in the audience. Which of me is correct? And what peculiarities of the theater can explain my split attitudes, my polarized beliefs?

Practitioners are involved with process, observers with results. Since critics form opinions on the basis of a single viewing, we have to assume that the performance we see is fairly representative of those seen by all other audiences. How else could we confidently commit ourselves to the relatively permanent state of print? If conditions alter judgment, then there is no stable basis for critical evaluation, and our function is in doubt. It is partly to protect our mystery that we tend to shrug off apologetic theater people who greet us by saying, "The opening was nervous," or "The energy was low because of a two-day layoff," or "X was having trouble with her shoes," or "The overfed Saturday night audience always slows down the show." We know it is a natural impulse to make excuses for inferior work, and actors, playwrights, directors, and producers are as human as the rest of us about rationalizing failure.

STILL, ANYONE who watches the same production in a succession of performances does have to admit that a show can change drastically between the matinee and the evening. Such changes occur often enough in the rehearsal process—a process critics, unfortunately, are rarely in a position to observe—and particularly in the final week of technical rehearsals when the introduction of sets, costumes, props, and lights first buries the acting and then lifts it into a new dimension. But even after a production has opened and is presumably "fixed," the nightly performance variations have the potential to bring joy or despair into the heart of anyone monitoring the show.

Then there is the audience itself, an element whose influence on performance can never be accurately measured. Spectators at a play are not passive witnesses; they are, in a profound sense, additional members of the cast. An audience that rustles programs or coughs or displays other forms of restlessness can throw actors as much as a late entrance or a misplaced prop; similarly, its healthy laughter or rapt attention can charge a performance with electrical energy. For these reasons, actors speak of audiences as if they had collective personalities, characterizing each one as if it had a single identity—friendly or hostile, young or old, bored or attentive, dumb or intelligent. That's why it is common for someone visiting an actor's dressing room with praise on his lips to hear his compliment returned: "But you were a wonderful audience." Unlike movie stars, who are unaware of how the audience is responding, or even if it is there, stage actors consider the audience as collaborators responsible in no small part for the quality of the performance.

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It is true that critics, in their effort to render an objective judgment, try to ignore the audience response—even though many of them profess to represent the taste of the average theater goer. The opening-night audience of the musical, "*Nine*," for example, carried on in such a tumultuous fashion that for a while I feared the 46th St. Theater was in danger of demolition, going the way of the Morosco and the Helen Hayes; I haven't been witness to such riotous behavior since 1945, when I spent VJ Day in San Francisco. Yet the reviews the next morning neither echoed nor mentioned the enthusiasm of the previous night, when any innocent witness might have concluded that a new nation had been born. This is understandable given the bizarre nature of New York theater, where standing ovations greet even the most dismal productions, and opening nights usually resemble the storming of the Bastille. But even in the theaters of more sedate American cities, there is no rule that an audience's attitudes will be reflected in reviews.

WE CRITICS pride ourselves not only on our detachment but our steadiness. Once having delivered a judgment, we rarely change our minds. I suspect we are less frightened of being caught in error than of being forced to admit that the whole process of criticism is a good deal less than scientific. For this reason, it is probably salutary to believe that the objects we judge are equally steadfast. Imagine our discomfort at discovering that the same play that thrilled or bored us early in the run is capable later of creating an entirely contrary impression. Still, it's a fact that our initial judgment is based on extremely shaky grounds. Myself, I identify brilliance by a tingling sensation that begins around the area of my lower back and then crawls up my spine. I like to think that tingle has brains, though it can be induced by things that are fake or manipulative (Spielberg's *E.T.*, for example, with its Disneyland treatment of children and aliens)—but I know that it is not constant. I have felt it often—and lost it often—watching a single production over a period of four weeks.

Since I'm in a confessional mood, let me admit something else. We critics are not impervious to the influences of the moment. I suspect we are more successful at detaching ourselves from the audience than ignoring the frustrations of getting to the theater, the bad quality of the restaurant we visited, the rudeness of the box office. And what about the companions we bring? Since press agents are kind enough to provide us with two theater tickets, whoever fills that other seat—be it wife or parent or friend—is bound to be an influence. I once invited a particularly opinionated acquaintance to join me at a play, asking only that he try not to prejudice me by expressing his feelings. He agreed, and soon fell asleep. "You're prejudicing me," I said and nudged him awake.

The presence of a critic can also affect a performance, especially if the critic is powerful. Some actors rise to these occasions, others withdraw, which creates a difficulty for producers regarding whether the critic's presence should be announced (it's usually better to ignore it, though actors have a way of knowing). But contrary to common opinion, reviews don't have a lasting influence on performance except insofar as they affect the size of audiences. A bad notice can demoralize a sensitive actor temporarily (sometimes it has a galvanizing effect), but a small house will almost invariably create a pall in the dressing room—unless, of course, the company has such a powerful conviction about the play that it would perform it on the Arctic tundra.

So this uneasy alliance of those on both sides of the footlights creates a permanent state of tension which, in turn, is responsible for a great variety of theatrical experience. That is what both fascinated and frustrated the playwright Pirandello about the theater process, that part of it is so fixed and immutable, and part so unpredictable, evanescent. Pirandello, who resented the way actors changed his words, also recognized that spontaneity was necessary to life. To ask an actor to refrain from improvising was to freeze a work of art in a permanent state of paralysis. Critics, like all those who deal with words, must assume that what they see is stable and fixed. But a production that remains the same from night to night is a dead thing that narcotizes the audience and fails the playwright.

So what is the actor's function in this paradoxical, enigmatic equation? To inhabit a role so completely that each performance is a vital, immediate, freshly performed creation. And what is the critic's role? To pretend that what he witnesses on one overwrought, unnatural occasion is pretty much what people will be seeing for the rest of the run. And what of the audience? To offer up its hopes nightly on the altar of this provisional art.

A note on plagiarism.

MEYER LEVIN'S OBSESSION

BY STEPHEN FIFE

Before his recent death at age 75, Meyer Levin—author of such books as *Compulsion*, *The Settlers*, *In Search*—left the world a copy of his Ethical Will, a document that aspired to pass on to humanity "the moral values learned in a lifetime," which Levin deemed to be "as vital as worldly goods." Levin's true concern, however, turned out to be recounting the story surrounding his long "suppressed" stage version of *The Diary of Anne Frank*—a story that had obsessed him through the last thirty years of his life. And yet, despite Meyer's last literary testament, basic questions about the true authorship of the Pulitzer Prize-winning play based on Frank's diary remained unresolved at the time of his death.

Levin's association with the diary began in 1950, when he came upon the book in a French translation and was immediately convinced that he had heard "the voice from the mass graves" for which he'd been searching impatiently ever since covering the Holocaust as a war correspondent. After contacting Otto Frank and discovering that the book had still not found an American publisher, Levin volunteered his assistance on one condition: that he be allowed first crack at adapting the diary for stage and film, even though he

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could boast little experience in either field. Otto Frank consented to this demand (even while claiming he "couldn't see" his daughter's work as a play), and Levin went on to use his influence by helping persuade Doubleday to publish the diary, as well as by writing a glowing front-page review in *The New York Times Book Review*.

LEVIN'S MOTIVE in all this seems not to have been greed—early on, he announced an intention of donating his proceeds to charity—but rather deeply personal and ideological, a combination of the genuine horror he felt having witnessed the liberation of Auschwitz and other death camps, and an awareness of the impact the diary could have as an indictment of Hitler and anti-Semitism. He had already written in his autobiographical memoir, *In Search* (1948), that he conceived of his artistic role as that of a link between the two great Jewish cultural centers of New York and Israel, and what better unifying force could there be than that youthfully heroic figure, Anne Frank? So it came as a blow to Levin when his adaptation of the book was rejected, first by Cheryl Crawford (owner of the original rights) and then by Kermit Bloomgarden (who had picked up her option). Soon Otto Frank himself was asking Levin to step aside in favor of a "world-famous dramatist" (Carson McCullers? Arthur Miller?); in the end Levin found himself replaced by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, a non-Jewish husband-and-wife screenwriting team, who were friends of Levin's great enemy, Lillian Hellman. As if that weren't galling enough, he found their adaptation to be "the ghost of my own play," containing certain key scenes not in the book, along with whole sections of his dialogue, while omitting most of the references to Jewish issues.

Levin promptly sued Bloomgarden, the Hacketts, and Otto Frank for "plagiarism and appropriation of ideas," with the jury returning a verdict in Levin's favor, awarding him 25 percent of the royalties, or half of what the Hacketts were getting. Despite this apparent triumph, however, everything went downhill for Levin from there on. First, the amount he was supposed to receive (stipulated at $50,000) was held up in appeals for so long that he eventually settled for the payment of his $15,000 legal expenses. Then his lawsuit against Anne Frank's father earned him the very damaging reputation of "litigious Levin" that would follow him throughout his career. And finally, the rights to his own adaptation—which were at the heart of the issue—were entirely removed from his possession by Otto Frank's lawyers, who threatened Levin with a countersuit if he even discussed his diary play. Levin challenged this again and again, finally going so far as to help stage a production of his play at the Israeli Soldiers Theater in 1966, which was soon shut down by Otto Frank's lawyers. This was the point at which Levin and Otto Frank were stalemated until 1981, when both men died, apparently putting an end to the issue . . . except for the legacy of doubts and questions they left behind.

Such as: did plagiary on such a bold scale really occur? Why was there so little publicity about the jury's decision? When the trial took place, the Broadway

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HELEN GAHAGAN DOUGLAS
A FULL LIFE

With an introduction by Melvyn Douglas

DOUBLEDAY

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version of the diary had already enjoyed quite a long run, winning the Critics Circle Award, the Tony Award, and the Pulitzer Prize, becoming a very successful box-office hit, and making Otto Frank into a saint overnight. And yet, as Levin never tired of pointing out later on, "not a single publication commented on the fact that for the first time in history, a Pulitzer Prize work had been judged largely the work of another." Why was this so? Why were so few people interested in what was potentially a major scandal in American letters? Why wasn't Levin's version produced as proof that it was so poor it could not be performed, and that it bore no resemblance at all to the Broadway play? And why has there been so little clarification of the issues in the years since?

One reason, of course, is the tremendous popularity that the Hackett version has enjoyed over the years, among audiences of all ages, Jews and Gentiles alike. Another reason is the extreme reverence accorded Otto Frank, whom Levin found to be as "sacrosanct" as the Broadway diary when he went on his campaign to have his own play performed. Jews especially were unreceptive to Levin, feeling that the success of the Hackett play and the subsequent veneration of Otto Frank were both marks of cultural acceptance that should not be slighted. And then there was Levin himself, whose aggressively defiant behavior could alienate even those who believed him, as he insisted on finding "conspiracies" wherever he looked. "Was I being pushed out because of my closeness to Judaism and Zionism?" he asked in the preface to his self-published play. "Was I on some peculiar form of blacklist, a McCarthyism of its own, for my Jewish views?" These charges were the more startling for being aimed at people like Hellman and Bloomgarden, themselves the victims of blacklisting—all of which earned Levin the reputation of being a Red-baiter, on top of everything else. Even worse, they distracted people's attention from the real issues: were there enough similarities between the two plays to substantiate the plagiary charge? And was Levin's version really as good as he claimed, or was it as poor as the producers insisted—that is, did it deserve a production?

After studying the two diary scripts and comparing them with Anne Frank's book, my conclusion is that Levin has a strong case: there appears to be ample evidence that the Hacketts had access to Levin's play, either directly or through someone who was familiar with its style and emphases. Both chronicle the experiences of two Jewish families, the Franks and the van Daans, during the more than two years they spend together in a warehouse attic, hiding out from the Nazis. Both employ the same basic dramatic structure for relating that story: starting out with the families moving into the hiding place, then tracing the development of the characters through their interaction in a chronological series of episodes or scenes. Furthermore, the selection of scenes that both plays choose to present from the wealth of anecdotal material to be found in the diary is almost identical. Finally, both plays call for substantially the same stage design and performance technique: the four rooms of the hiding place are to be visible at all times, so that incidents in separate rooms can occur simultaneously, the actors' lines counterpointing each other.

OF COURSE, all of this could be simply the result of similar creative processes at work on the same source. But this becomes harder to justify when the Hacketts start using scenes and conversations that exist in Levin's play but not in the diary. For instance, when the Jews unwittingly make their presence known to the thieves in Levin's play, it is through the singing of a Hanukkah song; an almost identical device is used in the Hackett version, yet this is not taken from Anne Frank's description. Of course, the moment is very theatrical, very effective, but why should it occur at the same point in both plays when there were so many other possibilities? There are several other uses of almost identical quotes in both plays that appear nowhere in the diary.

Certainly, though, such similarities are not like copying out a whole speech word for word, or duplicating a long scene exactly; yet they recur often enough throughout the Hackett play to make an impression. Equally striking is the pattern of differences and variations between the two plays. Levin often liked to characterize these differences by comparing two passages from the same moment in each of the works, when Anne is in Peter's room toward the end of the play, trying to convince him not to lose heart, to keep up his faith. In Levin's play, she tells him, quoting directly from Anne's words in the diary:

TRIANGLE

To each of us you told a little lie;
out of kindness maybe, more likely
out of fear, or greed. Two interior angles,
sides *a* and *b*, she and I support each other
and shelter you like the roof over your head;
replacing the beams that stood
all through your shaky childhood,
while you secured yourself a safer base.
Mother, the constant in your life, was side *a*.
And *b* equals the missing *x*,
your father's early death, that deprived you

of a human face to compete with
and to slay. So now, for *b*,
you must substitute a ghost of either sex
to keep the isosceles of the roof in place.
Today, *a* came to see me where I work
to set the record straight.
A little tête à tête; half to plead,
half to demonstrate her longevity of need.
I say this now, surveying what I've saved,
one hour past the interview, and injury;
one hour after sizing up the enemy—

who shouldn't be an enemy—who could
at some future date be me, pleading
with some woman to free you.
But where would you go? How quickly
would you recreate from plane geometry
the model of your sanctuary?
Arguing with her this afternoon,
for the first time face to face,
I could almost see your hand behind me
sliding into place the side of the triangle
that locked each of us in the deeper lie.

JANE SHORE

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> Who knows, perhaps the whole world will learn from the good that is in us, and perhaps for that reason the Jews have to suffer now. Right through the ages there have been Jews, through all the ages they have had to suffer, and it has made us strong, too.

In the Hackett version, however, this same speech comes out as: "We [Jews] are not the only people that've had to suffer. There've always been people that've had to . . . sometimes one race . . . sometimes another."

DRAMATIC LICENSE like this made Levin furious, for it seemed to violate the playwright's duty to the original material, changing the diary from a specifically Jewish document to something else, which the Broadway producers called "universal." This also had the effect of assimilating Anne Frank into the general culture, a process which Levin thought responsible for creating the climate in which a Nazi Holocaust could take place. *His* diary play is all about the erosion of Jewish identity through anti-Semitism; his two families live in exile within their own country, no longer German or Dutch, yet not Jewish enough to be anything else—a problem that each of the three adolescents vows to deal with in his or her own way, according to what we've been told about them in Anne's diary. Margot, Anne's sister, is determined to become a nurse in Palestine after the war so she can look after "her own people"; Peter van Daan yearns to run away to the West Indies, where he can make lots of money and forget that he was ever a Jew; while Anne steers a middle course between them, vowing to become a Dutch journalist when the war is over, even though "we can never be just Netherlanders, or just English, or just French. We will always remain Jews."

The Broadway diary, in contrast, completely overlooks Margot Frank's Zionist tendencies, while minimizing the Jewish issue for both Peter and Anne. It concentrates instead on what it sees as the general breakdown of civilized values which gave rise to the Holocaust, viewing the Jews as unlucky scapegoats and the Nazis as representatives of man's vilest instincts. Thus, the diary comes to symbolize the generation that was wiped out in the death camps, but whose belief in mankind survived in the diary to give the Otto Franks of the world the will to go on.

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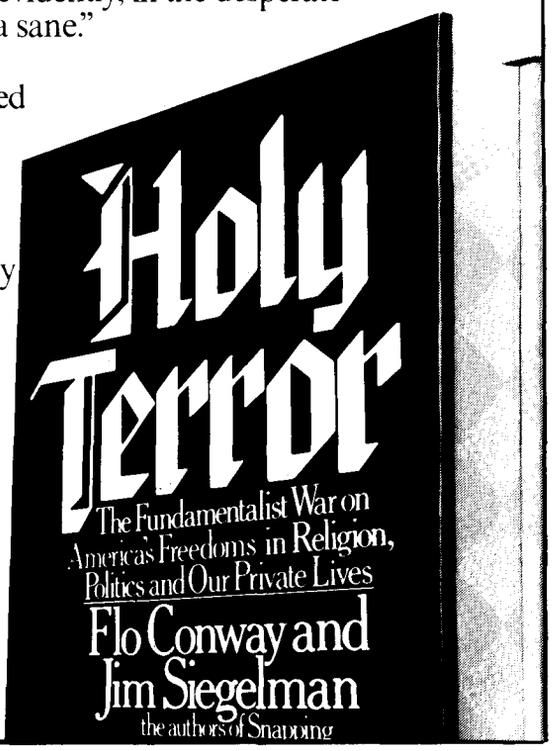
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This interpretation is certainly valid; it preserves the general outlines of Anne Frank's story (as well as much of its essence), and it shouldn't be too difficult to see the appeal this would have both for the Broadway producers and for Otto Frank. First of all, it condensed the horrifying and overwhelming events of the Holocaust into the easily understandable story of two loving families fighting for survival and destroyed through no fault of their own. Second, here were two non-Jewish writers, treating the Jewish characters with dignity and respect, showing them as human beings who also happened to be Jewish, thus allowing them to transcend their specific condition and become emblematic of all the people who died in the world tragedy of World War II. This was very important for Otto Frank, who wanted to spread his daughter's message of hope and belief to as many people as possible, and who wanted to provide an outlet for all the grief and suffering that Hitler had caused.

And yet this sacrificed an aspect of his daughter's spirit which was very much a part of the diary, and which persisted in asking the question: "Why the Jews? Why always the Jews?" These sections of Anne's ruminations look at the Holocaust as just one in a series of persecutions aimed against the Jewish people, and it was this side of Anne Frank that Meyer Levin was particularly interested in, since its concerns corresponded with what Levin considered to be his own "true task," his own "destiny."

Ultimately, though, Levin's enemy was not the Broadway play, it was Anne Frank's father. Otto Frank's decision to go with the Hackett play over Levin's version is understandable in both commercial and personal terms, yet why forbid performances of Levin's play altogether? Why shouldn't there be more than one interpretation of Anne Frank's diary?

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PRITCHETT PROCLAIMED

Collected Stories by V. S. Pritchett

(Random House, 544 pp., $20)

Everyone likes V. S. Pritchett, people say, and everyone respects his achievement. He has been honored by his fellow writers on both sides of the Atlantic. He has been rewarded by the British establishment: Sir Victor Pritchett is nowadays his title. You could call him the Grand Old Man of English letters and he himself might not even object.

Yet all of that has a faint blandness about it, which does not reflect a unique and highly personal literary talent. Nor is it a help to be reminded that V. S. Pritchett the short-story writer is also a novelist, travel writer, lecturer, and critic: such lists, somehow, don't suit this quiet writer. The truth is that in order to discover the essential Pritchett you have to read your way through him; and above all you have to read his short stories.

"To put together," he writes in his preface to this present volume,

> a substantial if not complete collection of the stories from the seven volumes I have written in the last fifty years is a startling experience in old age. One comes across a procession of vanished selves. In what room, in what town or country, did I write them? In what chair was I sitting and where did I get this or that fragment of a scene or a character? I see a crowd of old friends, too. How did the story change as I re-wrote it, perhaps four or five times, boiling down a hundred pages into twenty or thirty, as I still do? Story writing is exacting work. I fancy if I took each story sentence by sentence, I would find the now mingled minutes of personal experience taken arbitrarily from events or feelings (which in reality were far apart in my own life) had been turned by art into something else. How was it that a commercial traveller in Enniskillen turned into another in the English Midlands and who told his own vernacular story when I had written it all before as an impersonal study?

No one alive today comments as valuably about the short story as Pritchett does, and that is because he perfectly understands the form through his own dealings in it. Repeatedly his writing reminds you how satisfying a good short story is, how much *more* satisfying than an only slightly flawed novel. His art, and his craft, hover high above the big, loose novels of our time, which so often are empty of everything except their own complications. "I was really attracted to concision," he writes,

> . . . reducing possible novels to essentials. I love the intricacy of the short form, the speed with which it can change from scene to scene. I have always thought that the writer of short stories is a mixture of reporter, aphoristic wit, moralist and poet —though not 'poetical'; he is something of a ballad-maker, and in the intricacy of his design is close to the writer of sonnets.

Pritchett's brilliance, I believe, emerges from this understanding of his own gift. He knows instinctively, as neither D. H. Lawrence nor Joyce knew, that the shorter form was the one to master, that that is where his voice is. It is fashionable to suggest that the contents of *Dubliners* is slight stuff compared with the teeming architecture of *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake*. I believe the

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opposite to be true, and I believe that Lawrence wrote no novel as impressive as "The Rocking-Horse Winner" or "The Man Who Loved Islands."

PRITCHETT captures the explosion of truth, as in an Impressionist painting, and the excitement of that task has deliberately been allowed to obsess him, while excursions at greater length have come to take the form of autobiographical reminiscence or critical comment. Devotion to his chosen form is evident everywhere in his stories, from the very earliest to the contents of *On the Edge of the Cliff*, his last collection. Invisible technique conveys a mood, arranges the flow of narrative, selects, prunes, discards, retains, insistently gets everything right. And it's this "getting things right" that is so vital in short stories: there can be no approximation, no doubt, no meandering or self-indulgence. Plot is not a vital ingredient, but there must always be a point. A story without one—and far too many contemporary stories do have such a lack—is like an apple tree that never fruits. In the best sense of the term, Pritchett is fruity.

In "Many are Disappointed," four men, cycling through the English countryside, arrive at what they imagine to be a public house. Bert, the youngest, has been dreaming as he pedaled:

> You get to the pub, and there's a girl at the pub, a dark girl with bare arms and bare legs in a white frock, the daughter of the house or an orphan—maybe it's better she should be an orphan—and you say something to her, or, better still, you don't say anything to her—she comes and puts her arms around you, and you can feel her skin through her frock and she brings you some beer and the other chaps aren't there. . . .

But the house they've arrived at isn't the tavern it claims to be, the thirsty travelers have to make do with tea, the woman who's there has a vacant look, with hair of an "impure yellow" and a smile from a faded photograph. The men are disappointed but the reader has been seized by the mystery of the place and is not going to leave it until Pritchett permits him to. Yet all of it, at first glance, is ordinary enough:

> They looked at the room. There were two new treacle-coloured armchairs. There was a sofa with a pattern of black ferns on it. The new plush was damp and sticky to the hands from the air of the hidden sea. There was a gun-metal fender and there was crinkled green paper in the fireplace. A cupboard with a glass door was empty except for the lowest shelf. On that was a thick book called *The Marvels of Science*.

England, unlike Russia, America, or Ireland, is not noted for its fascination with the short story. There have been Kipling, of course, and Coppard and de la Mare. Somerset Maugham wrote poor novels and superb stories; Lawrence I've mentioned. But English fiction ever since Jane Austen has been dominated by the novel, a form particularly suitable as a mirror in the rich, settled Victorian society that spawned it: easily established then, it has thrived since. Yet a foreigner, wishing to understand the England of the last fifty years, and to understand the English themselves, might profitably turn first to the stories of V. S. Pritchett. He would meet such excessively local figures as Mrs. Forster of the scented Edwardian voice, and the colonel's daughter, and Mr. Timberlake of the Church of the Last Purification, and Gentleman Pliny, and Mrs. Prosser who looks like a fist. He would meet the prejudices and prettinesses of that extraordinary island, the subtleties of its class system, the trailing mists of an empire that will not quite go away.

Pritchett's Englishness is notable. It has developed through his interest in countries not his own: Spain and Ireland have been favorite places, but in a long life he has been alertly agog wherever he has gone, journeying in the United States or behind the Iron Curtain or simply crossing the English Channel. He has an ear for anecdotes which explain not only the natives he visits, but the natives he has left behind: one's own country can often be seen more clearly from a distance, and travelers traveling nervously are grist for the fiction writer's mill. Pritchett's "Handsome Is as Handsome Does," concerned with an English couple abroad, is in this respect an astonishing tour de force. It catches two unattractive people at their most vulnerable, working up in the reader a gradual sympathy for their mundane plight. One ends by discovering in them qualities which it seemed at first quite impossible that they should possess. They remain physically ugly, shabby, and somewhat embarrassing, but they have been touched with hu-

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man dignity: one should, of course, have known that it was there all the time.

The more parochial and domestic these stories appear to be on the surface the deeper the depths they acquire when considered in retrospect. Pritchett writes of the universal by way of a narrow particular, allowing humor and the variations in human relationships to create his patterns of truth. He has done more for the short story in his lifetime than anyone since Joyce or Chekhov. He has probably done more for the English short story than anyone has ever done.

WILLIAM TREVOR

William Trevor is the author most recently of *Beyond the Pale and Other Stories* (Viking).

THE POLITICS OF RESSENTIMENT

The Life and Times of Joe McCarthy by Thomas C. Reeves

(Stein & Day, 592 pp., $19.95)

Villains sometimes stumble upon metaphors that really work—that elicit a broad, enthusiastic assent from many who read or listen. The result, of course, is power; and it lasts until the villain's audience sees through his metaphor. Joe McCarthy's "Communist conspiracy" was such a metaphor for the 1950s, and he certainly had all the elements of a first-class American villain. As his rather dispassionate and at times sympathetic (to the man, not to the phenomenon known as McCarthyism) biographer tells us, the Senator lied repeatedly, slandered the reputations of various men and women, behaved in a rude, callous, mean-spirited way time and again. On the other hand, Mr. Reeves, a University of Wisconsin historian, wants us to regard closely not only the man but the metaphor—and to understand that it was not a creation of a particular Wisconsin Senator.

Joseph R. McCarthy did not get to the United States Senate by virtue of his anti-Communist credentials. His initial interests in Washington (he went there in 1946) were, actually, somewhat reformist or liberal in nature. He worried sincerely and hard about veterans (he was one himself). He wanted lots of good solid homes for ordinary Americans; and, in fact, he carved an early reputation for himself not only as a fighter for the underdog, but as a foe of the extremely conservative real-estate lobby. Moreover, he was an exceedingly kind and charming person in the Washington of the late 1940s. Some of his colleagues worried in the abstract (and were not loath to air their concerns) about the poor, the racially excluded—while finding no irony, never mind pain, in the incongruity of their snobbish, self-important, even arrogant personal lives. As a new senator, Joe McCarthy was considerate, likable, attentive to individuals for whom many of his fellow senators had no time: "He could greet hundreds of people by their first name, and he went out of his way to be kind to the 'little people' of the Capital." He went out of his way, we are told, to stop and talk with scrubwomen, to thank cafeteria people graciously for serving him, to pay his respects to those who opened doors for him or helped him get through the ordinary obstructive delays of this life. He was cheerful; he could be modest and charming; he was not (immediately, at least) one of that breed of strutting peacocks old Washingtonians have learned to regard with amused detachment: here today, gone tomorrow.

Professor Reeves gives us an almost day-by-day account of what happened to Joe McCarthy after February 9, 1950, when he stepped into history with a now famous fighting political statement in Wheeling, West Virginia. Again, "there was nothing very original about the brief address"; McCarthy had a speech on housing, and another on Communism, and wasn't even sure which he'd use. He had been trying for four years to build a reasonably solid record as a senator, only to find that press coverage back home and in the influential Eastern papers was minimal. He was beginning to wonder whether he'd be reelected. He had noticed that many of his respected Republican colleagues were always blasting the Democrats for being "soft" on Communism, and, so doing, obtained a lot more attention than he'd ever received. Only a few weeks before his Wheeling speech his mind was not on Red spies but on some of America's especially vulnerable men and women: "The Senator then outlined a comprehensive pension plan for the nation's elderly: everyone over 65 would get $100 a month." To be sure, he was fishing for issues, for attention—hardly a peculiar pastime in Washington, or anywhere else, for that matter. What beckoned him was a fateful circumstance in our national history, the politics of domestic anti-Communism.

This biography is long, detailed, clearly written. One is carried back to the 1950s on a tide of carefully annotated, well-presented factuality. Everyone who still has the fantasy that the Eisenhower years were "peaceful" ought to read Mr. Reeves's account of McCarthyism—a serious constitutional crisis, against a background of dangerous international tensions and a deep and persisting domestic apprehension that in some fashion the country was grievously "infiltrated," if not on the verge of being "betrayed." We are reminded that such a "Red scare" had a substantial and dreary history—the so-called Palmer raids of 1919, for example. The author calls them "ugly," and characterizes them as "fueled by labor-militancy, runaway inflation, xenophobia and the post-war exhaustion of idealism, as well as the activities of cynical politicians, businessmen and fanatics." He cites other, more recent, episodes, such as the activities of Representatives Hamilton Fish and Martin Dies in the 1930s.

"All the techniques later ascribed to McCarthyism," we are reminded, were developed by those illustrious predecessors of the Wisconsin Senator. What Representative Dies did tells part of the story: he "encouraged extremist witnesses, ignored sound rules of evidence, smeared political opponents, and made clever use of the press." Outrageous assertions by members of Congress, immune from prosecution for slander or libel, obtained quick and extensive cov-

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erage "on the front pages of even the most responsible newspapers," whereas refutations and denials "were relegated to the end of articles and back pages." The entire twentieth-century history of this country is, to a significant degree (and not only in connection with Red-baiting, but the broader phenomena of scandal-mongering and jingoism), the history of our journalism—the Hearst and McCormick newspapers, for instance.

Still, there is more to McCarthyism than the outrage of press lords stirring up trouble for their own personal profit or ideological purposes. And the author of this book is also right to reject the way some of McCarthy's critics (borrowing from him, alas) have tried to account for his behavior: "He was not the amoral, cynical, thieving, homosexual monster his critics described." Unlike Richard Nixon and Bourke Hickenlooper and Everett Dirksen and Robert Taft and Barry Goldwater—all of whom were quite capable of claiming to see Reds everywhere in the Roosevelt and Truman governments, in hopes of winning elections and, for their Republican Party, control of the Congress and the Presidency—McCarthy became thoroughly obsessed with Communism. He could not be persuaded toward a more temperate and manipulative craftiness. He seemed consumed by the Bolshevik threat, and at the same time he was a restless insomniac alcoholic whose attention span progressively narrowed. We learn from the author that McCarthy admitted candidly, at the start, to becoming an anti-Communist "almost strictly for political profit." But soon he "would think and talk almost nothing other than anti-Communism." We are asked to believe he turned into "a True Believer."

Who can ever really know how psychologically accurate that statement is—what mixture of crass opportunism and sincere conviction and extravagant if canny delusion informed a given mind's life? A more suggestive approach, maybe, is the broader, Tolstoyan one, which would see McCarthyism as a revealing signpost on a particular American road. David Riesman knows that road well; once he described McCarthyism as a class war of sorts. Professor Reeves describes the Joe McCarthy who was in 1946 the youngest person in the Senate as having a "class origin" which was "lower" than most of his colleagues. He was without "the learning, social graces, personal wealth and political and business experience" that others had. He was an ambitious, earnest man who'd already learned that lies and exaggerations work well in politics. He was a brave soldier who came home (he needn't have gone to war; he was in his thirties when the attack on Pearl Harbor took place) and knew how to run hard in politics with a good military record as an asset. He had luck, never to be forgotten amid all our contemporary deterministic "variables"—a good moment in his party's Wisconsin history. He had pluck, too; he worked his native state with energy and enthusiasm. He showed evidence, as mentioned, of decent instincts. Suddenly, almost overnight, he became famous, having fought vainly to capture the attention of voters in a more conventional political manner. His anti-Communist rhetoric in Wheeling was naive, stupid—not up to the refined, calculating standards of, say, Richard Nixon. The result: he found himself, in no time, the leader of a pack of rabid dogs. Many in Washington, as the author observes, were surprised—a moderate, even liberal, Republican suddenly leading a charge of reactionaries bent on repealing the twentieth century in the name of fighting the Kremlin's American agents.

JOE MCCARTHY BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

But if McCarthy merely happened into his anti-Communism, and if his personal qualities explain some of the leadership and notoriety he quickly found, and if Red-baiting has a long political and economic history in this country, we still have to look at the qualities of this particular social moment. McCarthy was, after all, a small-town farm boy, an Irish Catholic of Midwestern origin. He took on, eventually, the not very humble Dean Acheson and, needless to say, Alger Hiss, whom the author describes as "the em-

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bodiment of the liberal elite." He even took on gentlemen soldiers, such as George Marshall, and rich diplomats, such as John Foster Dulles, what one friend of mine often called "the striped pants set." And he went after Eisenhower's Secretary of the Army, Robert Stevens, scion of the textile family, with a vehemence one would expect from a Southern labor organizer. He became, in his own way, an out-of-control social critic of our "principalities and powers" in the tradition of Father Coughlin. (Alan Brinkley's excellent *Voices of Protest*, which chronicles the career of that priest along with Huey Long's rise and fall, should be read in conjunction with this book [see "Radio Radicals," by David M. Kennedy, TNR, July 12]. Another obvious companion volume: C. Vann Woodward's extraordinarily suggestive study, *Tom Watson: Agrarian Rebel*.)

I SUPPOSE WE are considering the negative side of that slippery and much abused word, "populism"—a species of frustration, hurt, and bitterness connected to region and class. It is a kind of "populism" which becomes the dead-end politics of those who reject sweeping economic change (the *other* direction of American populism) and settle, essentially, for a radical, class-conscious conservatism, a social and intellectual point of view vengefully egalitarian in a certain fashion. The enemies are those well-heeled, stylishly progressive, Ivy League Easterners, who are supposed to run the State Department and the important newspapers and magazines that tell Democratic Presidents, and even Republican ones (such as Eisenhower), what to say and do—the people who go back and forth from Boston and New York to London and Paris, but regard "us" (in Louisiana, in Wisconsin, wherever) as backwoodsmen or less. Those well-heeled people who, also, can afford to be generous and tolerant in theory while never being tested by the fearful, raw jeopardy of working-class life.

Such animus can pay off; under the right historical circumstances certain politicians can earn lots of leeway in our society—their own kind of ascendency, often enough tragic in nature. The soreness and exasperation of certain people becomes articulated overnight. Not only do top cops such as J. Edgar Hoover and ecclesiastical luminaries such as Francis Cardinal Spellman rush to one's side; millions of worried and bewildered people, locked forever (it seems) into the constraints of an uncertain and sometimes unjust economic system, are suddenly aroused, become intensely interested and favorably impressed. Someone has, at last, come up with a way out, an answer. Well, if not a complete solution, at least some relief from the boredom of accommodation—which is not an abstract posture, argued in classrooms or well-appointed parlors, but an unyielding and exhausting everydayness. The result is the celebrity of a McCarthy—an addiction stronger, perhaps, than even alcohol in his life, and not his alone. He craved attention in 1950 so that he could stay in the Senate. By 1951 he was on everyone's mind, and he intended to stay in just that relationship to his countrymen. He was always on the move, coming up with statements, allegations, new investigative plans, lists. He graced the cover of *Time* an unprecedented seven times. Newspapers and magazines and radio programs and television were constantly mentioning him. The politics of ressentiment had become for one man the swirling experience of powerful renown, an egoistic binge of the most extraordinary proportions. The Presidency itself was mentioned, again and again. People cringed or fawned, or gazed in spellbound gratitude. If they expressed angry contempt—oh, so what: that was attention, too. Hold on. Raise the ante. See where it all leads, for tomorrow any of us may die.

Joe McCarthy was an inveterate drinker and gambler, and he did, as they say in the South, "right well" for a while; and then the whole enterprise fell apart. His wild betting on a certain kind of American response collided with other elements in our life—most of all, the economic and social stability of our country, and yes, given that, the decency and common sense of our people. Still, McCarthyism was a scary thing, and for the man who gave it his name, the ending was sorry indeed. The Senator died of the effects of alcoholism in 1957, but one doubts he is the last of a particular breed.

ROBERT COLES

A CENTRIST FOREIGN POLICY

Strategies of Containment: A Critical Appraisal of Postwar American National Security Policy by John Lewis Gaddis

(Oxford University Press, 448 pp., $25, $9.95 paper)

America's foreign relations are at a turning point. Contradictory lessons learned from crises in Vietnam and Iran, self-images varying from power-drunk bully to pitiful, helpless giant, and moves from cold war to detente and back again have produced dizzying gyrations in U.S. foreign policy. The swings come more and more rapidly. No sooner did Americans decide that they mistakenly supported a dictatorial Shah in Iran than the hostage crisis created a new mood of belligerence. No sooner does this reverse the post-Vietnam attitude of caution toward participation in foreign conflicts than public concern sees El Salvador as a possible "new Vietnam." All this happens in less than four years time!

For the last twenty years, the direction of U.S. diplomacy has varied depending on which very different vision of the world and America's role in it has prevailed, on different views of whether and how to fight the cold war, and how best to keep the peace. The debate over immediate crises can be made productive only by a careful examination of the beliefs underlying this pattern.

Strategies of Containment: A Critical Appraisal of Postwar American National Security Policy by John Lewis Gaddis provides a good starting point for this effort. It presents a judicious and balanced view of the ways in which U.S. security policy—grand strategy with particular reference to relations with the Soviet Union—developed from 1945 to 1977, with some added com-

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ments on the Carter Administration. Like Gaddis's other books, *The Soviet Union and the United States: An Interpretive History* and *The United States and the Origins of the Cold War 1941-1947*, this new volume is a superb synthesis of the latest scholarship and documentary evidence.

REVISIONS of U.S. diplomatic history have become quite important in recent years. Just as the leftism of the 1960s was accompanied by interpretations stressing American responsibility for the cold war and pernicious U.S. activities abroad, today conservative and neoconservative interpretations are receiving the greatest public hearing. For example, columnist George F. Will sees the battle of grand strategy as pitting "interventionists"—Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, and John F. Kennedy—against "isolationists" who, according to Will, came to dominate liberalism in the 1960s and 1970s. Hence, President Reagan appears as the natural successor to the activist Democratic Presidents.

Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, the most articulate exponent of the philosophy of the Reagan Administration, has a different schema. She divides American diplomacy's recent history into three phases—the good years, from 1945 to 1968, when Americans bravely and self-confidently fought the cold war; the years of retreat and defeat, i.e., of detente, from 1969 to January 1981; and finally the new golden age, which began on January 20, 1981. Obviously, the gloomy middle period includes not only the Carter Administration but also the Nixon and Ford Administrations. Former staffers of those last two Republicans visibly wince at being labeled soft-line appeasers. "The problem with this Administration," said one, "was that it rejects not only its immediate predecessor but its last two predecessors." No wonder the Reagan team has so many internal conflicts. The difficulty is in deciding whether its orientation should be classical Republican power politics, new right militancy, or—as neoconservatives would have it—a crusade for liberty and patronage of foreign anti-Communist democrats.

Gaddis proposes a different structure, based on his distinction between "symmetrical" and "asymmetrical" containment. The former is a maximalist view, seeking to counter expansion of Soviet influence anywhere and everywhere. Obviously, this approach assumes that the United States has the money, will, and leverage to do so, whether the threatened country is South Vietnam, Angola, El Salvador, or all of them at the same time. The latter concept seeks to maximize America's limited means by focusing efforts and attention where the threat to vital U.S. interests seems greatest.

It would be easy to poke holes in this thesis and in Gaddis's accompanying view of U.S. diplomacy as trapped in an "unimaginative cycle" between these two approaches. As Gaddis himself realizes, any American President must respond to perceived Soviet advances. Though it is true, as Gaddis points out, that "the United States in practice has never been able to generate the means necessary to support symmetric containment over an indefinite period of time," it is equally true that the United States has almost always tried to do so. The real disputes are over measuring Soviet strength and defining friends and enemies, choosing the best way of helping the former and of neutralizing or transforming the latter.

These have been topics of controversy for thirty-five years, a conflict far more ideological than is generally realized. While each occupant of the White House develops his own list of priorities and national objectives, the clearest pattern has been the conflict between liberals and conservatives, with their very different views of the U.S.S.R., the third world, and the ways in which the United States can and should exercise its influence.

For example, on the important issue of third-world political change, conservatives tend to dig in when allied governments face domestic challenges. They adopt John Foster Dulles's position:

> I recognize full well that there are plenty of social problems and unrest which would exist if there was no such thing as Soviet Communism in the world, but what makes it a very dangerous problem for us is the fact that wherever those things exist, whether it is in Indochina or Siam or Morocco or Egypt or Arabia or Iran . . . the forces of unrest are captured by the Soviet Communists.

The liberal view has seen reform as necessary to strengthen allies and to confront and channel inevitable change. Hubert Humphrey warned, "Repressive actions on the parts of regimes with which we are allied can be detrimental to our interests." Laurence Stern called this "the wrong horse" phenomenon: Washington supports unpopular and incompetent regimes, their domestic opponents see America as the true foe, governments are overthrown, and the new regimes are hostile to the United States.

American foreign policy is now dominated by some recent examples. The upheavals in Iran and Nicaragua were

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taken as demonstrations of rebels' inevitable anti-Americanism; the hostage crisis seemed to show U.S. flexibility would be interpreted abroad as weakness. Yet the traditional liberal position—that crises arise from conservative complacency—still provides satisfactory explanations for these events, and for El Salvador as well. Already the wheel seems to be turning in its favor.

Detente added something new to the old debate but, ironically, it was in the context of seeking Soviet agreement to retard revolutionary change in the third world. Although it was conceived and implemented by a Republican Administration, detente's main critics were on the right. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, writes Gaddis, saw the U.S.S.R.

> as a state with which reasonable accommodations could be worked out, given firmness and patience on the American side, while his critics had seen it as an aggressive and immoral power with which the United States could not deal on any basis other than resistance.

Kissinger's policy was never based on any form of appeasement. On the contrary, he believed that only a clear willingness to resist Soviet activities in various parts of the world—Angola or the Middle East—would permit the United States to convince the U.S.S.R. that its interests lay in accommodation with America.

In many ways, this was a version of George Kennan's view of containment in the late 1940s. The problem tends to be that clashes in the third world—the Korean War in 1950, the invasion of Afghanistan in 1979—get in the way. Gaddis optimistically wrote in 1978, "there have gradually emerged more congruities of interest than either side thought existed," but these have been repeatedly outweighed by differences. If the cold war is defined as the continued struggle for influence between the United States and the U.S.S.R., then the cold war, as both Kissinger and Carter recognized, has continued throughout the last thirty-five years.

THE QUESTION has been how best to fight this battle, particularly on its main front, the third world. Liberals emphasized Soviet expansionism as the primary threat to American interests, while conservatives see Communism, or left-of-center nationalism, as the main danger. This is the cause for the spate of efforts by Republican administrations to destabilize nationalist regimes in Guatemala, Iran, the Congo, Chile, and other places. An inability to separate Communism from nationalism or to distinguish between local causes and outside agitators has created much anti-Americanism in the third world. This, and not perceived U.S. weakness, is the reason for the double standard in dealing with American as opposed to Soviet actions. Covert action is the conservative activist equivalent to the liberal stress on reform.

In the Vietnam War era, Americans seemed to identify the cause of defeats in the third world with a Dulles-style policy. By being overbearing and intolerant of neutralism, Washington pressed states toward, at best, equidistance between the two blocs and, at worst, a tilt toward Moscow as the lesser threat. The liberal cold war view was that U.S. behavior could greatly affect the policies of third world countries by considering the needs and desires of governments and peoples, including economic development and cooperation.

"There is nothing more contrary to nature than the attempt to hold in obedience distant provinces," wrote Edward Gibbon, and this is another topic of debate today. Can Moscow build a nineteenth-century-style empire in noncontiguous countries? Cuba seems to point toward the affirmative, as does the possibility of further outward marches from now-occupied Afghanistan. Yet when the Carter Administration warned against an inordinate fear of Communism, it was arguing for a more accurate estimate of Soviet capabilities and the centripetal force of local nationalisms and regional issues. Given some of the hysteria of recent months, those strictures are still timely.

Imperial power, argued the right, was merely a matter of will. If America decided that the Shah or Anastasio Somoza should stay in power, the rod need merely be raised and the waters would divide. Those who predicted change made it inevitable. The United States suffered from being too soft in parts of the world that respect only power. The Soviets took advantage of America's preoccupation with Vietnam, leftover problems from the colonial era, and local hatreds of decaying traditional-style dictatorships. Cubans are not in Angola because Congress denied funds for covert action, but because Washington supported the Portuguese until the end. The United States will be unable to strengthen its international position if its policy is directed by those who see U.S.-Soviet conflict as the only world issue. This narrowness discredits American efforts and makes them seem increasingly irrational in the eyes of Western European and third world governments.

If all this, now apparently so controversial, seemed obvious a few years ago, it only stands witness to the sad fact that those who repeat history are doomed to forget it. John Gaddis's book can serve as the basis for a timely reminder.

BARRY RUBIN

Barry Rubin is a fellow at the Georgetown University Center for Strategic and International Studies.

MYSTERIES

All-American this month, and hard-boiled on the outside: four new detective novels, all tough, all good in different ways. Thomas Perry, in *The Butcher's Boy* (Scribner's, $12.95), has pulled off one of the most difficult tricks of the trade; he has told his tale from the point of view of a hired killer and made us understand if not sympathize with him. The butcher is hired to assassinate a senator from Colorado, does it, but is attacked by two punk kids in a Denver alley and marked so that he cannot pick up his fee in Las Vegas as expected. He soon finds that he is expendable, and he must find out who hired him—a matter of indifference in all his earlier hits—in order to end the contract that is out on his own life. In the meantime local police and the F.B.I. close in, and an intelligent analyst from the Justice Department makes both good guesses and sad mistakes, as most human beings do, as she tries to conjure up a vision of who the butcher might be. Perry, who has a Ph.D. in English, has crafted a tale that is clean, straight, and logical. Although he doesn't write at all like Hemingway, reading him reminds one of the great debt so much modern detective fiction owes to the master of the throwaway nuance. Perry is an original, while the others on the desk this month are somewhat derivative.

If derivative, they derive from the

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best of origins—Chandler, Macdonald, and the stock wiseass remarks of the sentimental private eyes who care so much they have to pretend not to care at all. Since Stephen Greenleaf, Joseph Hansen, and Jonathan Valin play this game very well, their reappearance is welcome.

Greenleaf is still developing his own relationship to what is obviously, for him, that sewer called California. *State's Evidence* (Dial Press, $15.95) is both better and worse than its predecessor, *Death Bed*: better in that the plot is more original, more controlled, a genuine mystery of both fact and of character at hand, without spiritual red herrings. It is worse, however, when Greenleaf strains for outlandish quips, which are too conspicuously clever even when they come off, which they don't always. The plot is simple enough: John Marshall Tanner, a Philip Marlowe lookalike, must find a woman who has disappeared, to bring her back to El Gordo to testify at the hit-and-run trial of a local mobster. Along the way he shows us just how Fat City corrupts everyone, Tanner not the least.

El Gordo is in the Bay area; David Brandstetter, Joseph Hansen's protagonist, works out of southern California, and in *Gravedigger* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $12.50) he wanders across the Oedipal countryside associated with Ross Macdonald, searching for a disbarred lawyer who appears to have filed a fraudulent insurance claim and then disappeared. Hansen is interested in the milieu of the gay life, for Brandstetter is homosexual, and at times his perspective on human motivation helps his investigator to spot sham in a symbol or an intonation. This time the concern for the milieu gets in the way of the story a bit too much, and *Gravedigger* rests on its spade in the middle, but as the sixth installment in a nicely intertwined saga, the book is still worth the price of admission.

Jonathan Valin, in *Dead Letter* (Dodd, Mead, $9.95), continues his own saga of Harry Stoner, Cincinnati-based private eye. This is the third Stoner book. The first, *Final Notice*, introduced the characters, drew on the little-used locales of one of the country's most interesting, and undervalued, cities, and left the hero with an attractive, independent-minded, and even well-read bed-mate. The second, *The Lime Pit*, drew on Covington, across the river, and was distinctly unpleasant. Now Valin appears to have got his act together, for the Kate of *Final Notice* has gone off to pursue a graduate degree. Stoner is on his own and trying to help a rather arch professor at the University of Cincinnati trace some papers that, he is convinced, his radical daughter has stolen from him. Valin's sense of energy, good humor, and steady eye are in balance.

ROBIN W. WINKS

Robin W. Winks, professor of history at Yale, writes regularly about mysteries for TNR.

BRIEF REVIEW

Poets in Their Youth: A Memoir by Eileen Simpson

(Random House, 272 pp., $15.50)

"Tell him to bring his own chop," says Helen Dickson Blackmur when R. P. Blackmur announces T. S. Eliot is coming to dinner. Randall Jarrell dances wildy in two-tone shoes, saying, "Ba-by Doll!" Jean Stafford wanders out to buy a bottle of rum to stave off the "whim-whams," while Robert Lowell and John Berryman wash dishes, arguing over Yeats's three greatest lines in a cloud of soap suds. *Poets in Their Youth*, by Eileen Simpson, John Berryman's wife from 1942 to 1953, is a modest and colloquial memoir rather than a lofty literary one. Much of the information here has already turned up elsewhere—in biographies, festschrifts, poems by the poets who wrote so much about each other and themselves. But *Poets in Their Youth* is so gentle, so generous, so fond of its unhappy subjects, that it allows us to glimpse for a moment what it means to live in a world where "the greatest joy of all" is "the 'tortured joy' of writing poems."

Simpson is not herself a poet; she is a plain and pleasant writer. She is also a psychotherapist. But during the years she was married to Berryman, Simpson was primarily, and consciously, a poet's wife. And this is in many ways a wifely memoir: John's books in the refrigerator; John's mismatched socks; John's insomnia. Some anecdotes recall a stray line from a Berryman poem—Pound eating bananas, Berryman leaving a party with Albert Einstein's umbrella. And Simpson discusses Berryman's volatile relationship with his overbearing mother, his memories of the father who shot himself. But it is not as a reader of Berryman's poetry or as a psychologist that Simpson draws us into Berryman's grim, chaotic life. It is as his wife, intimate, but always observing the hysteria from the outside.

"All poet's wives have rotten lives," Delmore Schwartz wrote. Said Berryman, "It is a true error to marry with poets." Eileen Simpson's life with Berryman seems to illustrate the point: Berryman, who as a young man talked about "alcoholism as if it were a rare disease, like dengue fever," becomes an alcoholic; obsessed with his father's suicide, he teeters threateningly on bridges and balustrades; he is in debt, he is unfaithful, he is unstable. "No one had John's loyalty," said Schwartz, "but you liked him to live in another city." One might expect the memoir of his wife to be an embarrassing flutter of dirty linen, a bitter document calling the wretched poet to task. Indeed, *The Truants*, William Barrett's recent book about this period, is exactly that kind of sour memory of Berryman and his whole generation, and Barrett wasn't even married to one of these fellows.

Eileen Simpson, on the other hand, explains that she left Berryman when she could no longer bear his "need to live in turbulence," and that rather gracious phrase is the closest she comes to bitterness. Describing Berryman's drinking, even his infidelities, Simpson is clear-headed, matter-of-fact, and discreet. She doesn't confuse drunken excess with poetry; she watches the disor-

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der around her, and she wishes it was order instead. At the same time, the disarray of the mad poets following each other from campus to campus, asylum to asylum, never obscures for her the importance of poetry in their lives. "Many—I too at moments—blamed the suicide on John's having been a poet," Simpson writes. "The litany of suicides among poets is long. After a while I began to feel that I'd missed the obvious. It was the poetry that kept him alive."

Simpson is so far from censuring the poets for their self-destructive lives that she imagines for them a poet's heaven now that they are dead:

> They would recite one another's poems and talk for hours on end, free at last of worldly concerns about where the next advance, the next drink, the next girl or even the next inspiration would come from—free at last to be obsessed by poetry.

CATHLEEN SCHINE

Cathleen Schine is working on a novel to be published by Knopf.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

Breindel deftly reminds me that the geopolitical deck is stacked against my people. Mr. Paxton Hibben wrote in THE NEW REPUBLIC ("What About Armenia?" March 31, 1920): "Will not the last decision of the Peace Conference be, perhaps, the erection of an Armenia so circumscribed, so beset by enemies, so mortgaged to the exploiters of Europe, as to be but a sardonic betrayal of this people that has waited so many centuries its hour of fulfullment?" Sixty years later Mr. Breindel speculates in the most shallow manner on the origin of militancy in what is a small minority, equating these actions to the slaughter of a whole people by the Turks. He further fogs the issue of genocide with PLO and Soviet conspiracy.

It is folly to imagine conspiracy behind all movements seeking justice. The U.S. had opportunities to extend a saving hand under the Presidency of Woodrow Wilson. It would not. It is ignorance of history not to recognize that under the less than ideal rule of the Soviets, within sixty years, the remnants of Armenia picked itself up from the ashes and attained something approaching prosperity not seen in the last six hundred years.

We Armenians do not condone violence. A statement from the Diocese of the Armenian Church of North America issued in May 1982 condemned all forms of violence.

It will not do to tip-toe about the issue of blatant genocide as Mr. Breindel does. It should not be difficult to see how the unresolved and monstrous crime against humanity, genocide, can evoke such indignation so as to ultimately render the words of the peace-minded ineffective.

THE REV. VERTANES KALAYJIAN
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

Eric Breindel states that present-day Armenia "comprises a good part of the territory in which Armenians dwelled in Ottoman times," and asks why the terrorists have never targeted Soviet diplomatic outposts or called attention to Soviet control of Armenia.

The facts are these: before World War I, Armenians lived largely in Turkey, Persia, and Russia. Considerably more than half of them were concentrated in Turkey, where they were largely wiped out on the pretext that they were a "fifth column" in World War I (*pace* the Nazi claims against the Jews). Since the czarist government never attempted genocide against the Armenians, there would be no reason to attack Soviet diplomats, though it is my impression that the terrorists are opposed to Soviet domination of Armenia and believe in the idea of an independent Armenia, no matter how far-fetched the possibility may seem.

Unlike other terrorists who have made women, children, and peacemakers their victims, the Armenian terrorists in almost every instance have chosen representatives of the Turkish government as their targets, on the grounds that these men have wittingly elected to work for a regime that enjoys the results of the holocaust while denying that it ever took place. If this distinction strikes the reader as fatuous, nevertheless many Armenian-Americans honestly believe that it should not be ignored.

In the end, whatever the differences among the PLO, the IRA, and "Armenian Justice Commando" tactics, there is no such thing as humane or compassionate murder. Terrorism cannot avenge a tragic past, no matter how just the cause or how strong the feelings of the victims' descendants. Americans of Armenian ancestry like myself who cannot tolerate terrorism in any form have been waiting for the Turkish government to take the steps that might bring a halt to the violence—allowing the facts of what happened in 1915, as revealed in Turkish court records, to become public record.

LEO HAMALIAN
City College of New York
New York, New York

Eric Breindel responds:

With regard to Mr. Evriviades's letter, he will note—as would any moderately careful reader—that nowhere in my piece did I allege that Cypriots were "the perpetrators of these acts of violence." What I did point out—in, I think, an appropriately qualified manner—is that "it *appears* likely that *some* of the terrorists are associated with *elements from among* the Greek Cypriot *extremists*" [italics added]. That there is collaboration among extremist groups of various nationalities for purposes of political terrorism is scarcely a closely guarded secret. To conclude that I in any way lack sympathy for the goal of an independent Cyprus, free of all foreign domination, is simply to misconstrue my words.

Father Kalayjian's rather positive remarks about Soviet Armenia seem to me to be very much open to question, given what is well known about liberty, autonomy, and indices of well-being in the Soviet Union at large, and specifically within the various Moscow-dominated national "republics."

I am nevertheless moved both by Father Kalayjian's letter and that of Leo Hamalian to reaffirm what I hoped would be manifestly clear in my original article: horrendous crimes were committed by the Turkish government against the Armenian people in 1915, and Ankara does itself and history a profound disservice by refusing to acknowledge what actually took place.

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; by typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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TRB, *from page 6*

to the press compartment of the plane and said not once but four times that the President was intensely involved during his vacation with the problems in the Middle East. Speakes said that (1) Reagan is "more personally involved in this crisis than any other"; (2) is "as actively involved in this, maybe more so, than any other crisis"; and (3) is "actively involved at a personal level"; because (4) "it was a situation he felt demanded that he get involved personally." Thick-headed though we reporters may be, we got the message by the second time. By the fourth, we were getting suspicious.

I suspect that if Reagan is really all that immersed in the quagmire of his job, he will soon begin to show the telltale signs. If ever there were a situation designed to inflict agony on a world leader, it is the Middle East. The answers are not quick and easy, and Reagan, like his predecessor, has taken to marveling at how difficult it all is. If U.S. troops go into Lebanon, as Reagan has proposed, the toll may tell on the President's forehead.

In the past, the President was so isolated from the ordinary people who feel the bite of his policies that Michael Deaver once called Betty Cuniberti of *The Los Angeles Times* to suggest that she interview a White House dinner guest who was that rarest of creatures, a friend of the Reagans who was also an ordinary person. The man turned out to be a glorified elevator operator in a building where Reagan had once worked. Do all the Reagans' little people drive limousines, shine shoes, and clear the brush at his ranch?

There is little doubt that the President feels strongly about individuals in pain, whatever trouble he may have when the afflicted come in groups. The White House staff has been talking about finding ways to free their boss from the isolation that comes not only from being President but also from being rich. If Reagan one day actually sits down and talks to an auto parts store owner who recently locked his doors for good, or to a young couple who cannot buy a house, or to an angry young black who cannot find a job, he may begin to feel the aches and pains of his position. Otherwise, he is in danger of appearing a likable and well-preserved figurehead—a Dorian Gray with a photo opportunity instead of a portrait.

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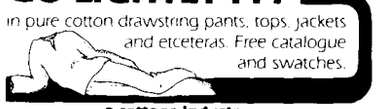

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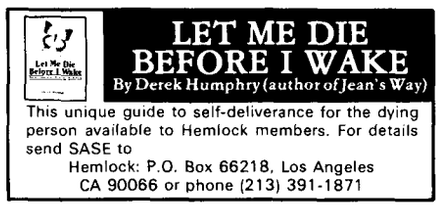
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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Class Wardfare

"AT LAST, CHEWING GUM for the rich," proclaims a current full-page glossy magazine ad for something called Stimorol. With all their yachts, stocks, and pork barrels, do the rich really need their own chewing gum? I tried Stimorol and quickly discovered that people don't buy it for the taste. Then why do they buy it at all? For that matter, why do people pay an extra $300 for first-class seats on airplanes? It is certainly not for the extra two inches of seat depth and the free champagne. The $300 buys you, well, membership in the club of those who don't need $300—and the promise that you will be spared the sight of those who do. It is a kind of tax on the rich for being rich and the only one they pay voluntarily. The rich also pay premiums for health care. The sociology I was taught in medical school held that in medicine, as in everything else, Sophie Tucker was right: "I've been poor and I've been rich," she said. "Rich is better." Since in market economies, most everything—housing, prime rib, ocean air—is rationed according to price, it is not surprising that posh hospital beds are, too. I have no doubt that in sickness, as in health, the rich have the edge, but my experiences as an intern left me in some doubt as to how much of an edge. Accordingly, it took a couple of recent flare-ups of physical ailments as nature's way of telling me to slow down and find out.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE was a late-night arrival at a New York hospital for treatment of a long-standing, but now no longer bearable, back problem. Following Sophie's Law, I pleaded for a private room, but there was none to be had. I was taken to a darkened ward where I counted four beds. Since the lights were out, I couldn't make out my roommates. But I quickly got to know them by their sounds. The first introduced himself to me with the loudest, most violent barrage of snores I had ever heard. The second I dubbed Baskerville, since I was alerted to his existence only by the fact that he made no sound at all. (The next morning I sadly learned why: he was under treatment for a left brain stroke.) But it was my third neighbor who aroused my curiosity—and alarm. At 3 a.m. he rang for a nurse, and through the curtains I heard him say, "Those little guys are running around here again." I thought I was having a bad dream. Fate had devised for me the ultimate punishment for an ex-psychiatrist—they'd put me with the psychotics. The nurse's response to him—"Why don't you talk to them?"—convinced me further that the inmates were in charge. The patient replied, "I've tried, but they run too fast and won't listen." That little interchange, the dark, the snoring, not to mention the apprehension about my back, made for a restless night. I could not have known, and didn't find out until the next morning, that my friend had been harassed not by leprechauns or martians, but by mice. I have never been so relieved to learn that I was sharing my bed with first cousins of carriers of the Black Plague.

THE REST of my stay generally confirmed most of sociologist Erving Goffman's conclusion about hospitals: like prisons, they are total institutions that strip you of all signs of individuality as you come through the door. You are given standard-issue clothing, standard-issue food, and standard-issue care. But I also concluded that though it may be the worst system, it is better than all the others. For one thing, it works. On my ward, although the amenities were one-star, the care was superb. The internal rhythms of my body became the object (objectification is the key to the success of modern mass medicine) of intense concern and occasional fascination for a crack team of eight professionals. After four days of stretching, bending, padding, and pulling, they cured me. But the hospital took its toll. By day two the effects of having checked my person at the front door became apparent, but not to me. My wife began to notice a peculiar glaze in my eye, that acute loss of will and surrender to passivity that characterizes patienthood. She took radical action. She kidnapped me, spirited me to her hotel, and, like the great liberators in the chain gang movies, freed me from the plastic patient-identification band on my wrist. From then on, she shuttled me in for day care every morning, and out for deprogramming every night. Body and soul recovered, though I am still under orders to avoid the sight of stethoscopes, women in white shoes, and mass weddings.

A MONTH LATER, it was another problem, another hospital. This time I was a private patient on a private ward. My surgeon was the rare kind that one travels 250 miles to see, one who manages to practice hi-tech medicine with a wonderfully human face. Having so recently recovered from the Moonie-like perils of traveling coach, I insisted to him that I ride first class, and this time I won. My room was large, with river view, private bath, electrical bed, and widescreen color TV. And the service, like the Ritz's, was five-star. Breakfast at ten, families welcome at all hours, and nurses who knock before they enter. The problem was that, as at the Ritz, they enter rarely, and at night practically not at all. The theory, I suppose, is that the rich, being rich, are expected to look after themselves. During my stay, one Middle Eastern tycoon had come with an entire entourage. I was encouraged, as bourgeois pretenders to upper-class status usually are, to hire my own entourage, or the next best thing, private-duty nurses at $100 a shift. I did that for a while, but when I felt better I canceled them. From then on I don't think I saw a nurse between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. At 2 one morning, I developed intense existential objections to my abandonment. I pushed the nurse's call light. Thirty minutes later a nurse appeared. I told her that I could have been dead for all she knew, and that she wouldn't have discovered it for days. On the other hand, I continued, if I had been dead, I wouldn't have been able to push the light—and she wouldn't have known at all. (A colleague has subsequently pointed out to me the flaw in my logic: if I had been dead, none of this would have mattered anyway.) As she was working out the implications of my argument, she gazed at me quizzically, perhaps thinking that I was suffering a mild postoperative psychosis. I began to drift off into hospital half-sleep, pleased that I had somehow redeemed some of the $600 that night was costing, and convinced that my childish outburst would not have been necessary on any ward that had mice. There, where patienthood is still accorded ritual reverence, they wake you on the hour to take your blood pressure and once again when it's time for your sleeping pill.

C.K.

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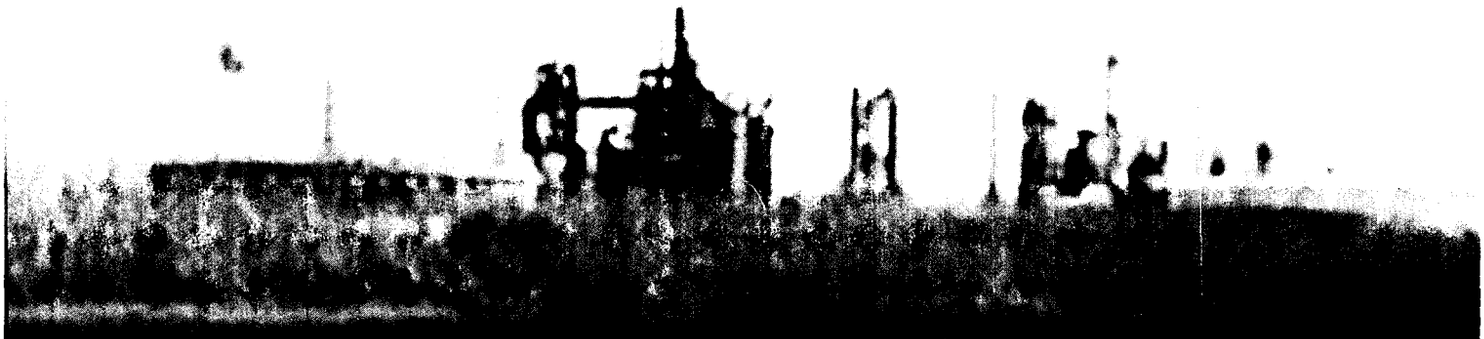

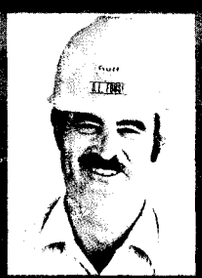

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Snow Goose (C. Caerulescens), photographed near Gulf's Port Arthur refinery by Dr. John Tveten.

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